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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE post-Munich tactics of the axis are sufficiently clear. France is to be bullied by Italy and Britain by Germany, and a wedge driven between them if possible. The Duce, wanting British help in Spain and Abyssinia, rejoices in the Anglo-Italian Pact and pursues a vehement campaign against France, which is expected in usually well-informed circles to culminate in a demand for Tunisia and other French colonies. Meanwhile Ribbentrop is to sign a peace pact with France, while the German press is let loose in full spate against Britain. In Paris this week, an effort is being made to repair the British-French axis, badly damaged at Munich. Two main questions are under discussion. In regard to Spain, there is now too much opposition in France to make the speedy granting of belligerent rights to Franco practical politics, and the wave of strikes, particularly in the munition factories, are a political demonstration by the French workers against M. Bonnet's pro-Fascist policy. In regard to defence, Munich has posed new problems. Britain is making fighting rather than bombing planes, in part because Germany dislikes them less. France, now without certain allies in Eastern Europe and afraid of the vastly increased weight of a possible German offensive in the West, would like the guarantee of a greatly increased British expeditionary force. The British retort is that it may well be Britain rather than France which is next exposed to danger. What help could Britain expect from France?—The supposedly inadequate French air force? If the result is an *impasse* between the two democratic Powers, Berlin and Rome will have secured another success in the diplomatic game.

The Refugee Problem

Monday's debate in the House on the Jewish persecution showed all parties united in the desire that this country shall do its utmost to help the victims of the Nazi terror. But there may be some difference of opinion, at home and abroad, as to what that utmost should be. Mr. Noel Baker, in an impassioned and at the same time closely reasoned speech, argued that, though the problem was difficult, we could in concert with other States go far to solve it. The Prime Minister's statement was extremely cautious—except in one point. The suggestion that Tanganyika might provide an asylum for a number of Jewish refugees was a startling admission that his "appeasement" plans are in the waste paper basket; the Nazi press indeed has seized on it as a provocation. That may seem of small consequence at this moment, when the return of German colonies is ruled out of discussion. But the wisdom of planting a settlement of Jews in this mandated territory is open to very grave doubt. It would involve dangerous complications in the future for all concerned. Other possibilities, including British Guiana,

are being explored by the Inter-Governmental Refugee Committee, of which Lord Winterton is chairman. The only definite step as yet taken by the British Government is the decision to admit a large number of Jewish and non-Aryan children under 17 into this country, a plan to which the German Government is not expected to raise any objection. That is good, so far as it goes. But there are, all told, as Lord Winterton says, 600,000 or more Jews in Germany who must somehow be got away.

The Persecution Goes On

Meanwhile the Nazis are keeping the screw on. Dr. Goebbels on Tuesday was engaged with his henchmen in elaborating new plans for harrying his victims, and very soon no doubt we shall know exactly what those plans are. It is safe to assume that they will include the use of the concentration camps, into which thousands of Jews have been hustled in the last week or two, as well as further confiscations and restrictions. It is not quite clear yet whether the Nazi leaders' object is to unload the whole of the German Jews on the world with the least delay, or to retain some for sadistic, or for bargaining, purposes. Those who have property, in any case, will not be allowed to go until they have been robbed of it; and among the fearful possibilities is the policy outlined by the *Schwarze Korps*, the organ of the S.S. This is, in a nutshell, to bleed the Jews white till they "all become destitute and so necessarily criminals," and then to exterminate them with "fire and sword." But we can hardly believe that the rulers of Germany, insane as they may seem, would deliberately embark on such a pogrom as this. The real danger from which the Jews have to be saved is that of being ground slowly to death, or left, such of them as can survive, to a life worse than death.

Mr. Pirow and the Colonies

Mr. Pirow's visit to Germany has inevitably aroused a good deal of suspicion. Mr. Pirow is the South African Minister of Defence, and it is natural at such a time as this that he should want to discuss problems of peace and war abroad as well as at home. But it is on the question of colonies that anxiety is felt about him. Mr. Pirow is of German descent and is notorious in South Africa for his Fascist sympathies. Has he had it in mind to do, or to suggest, a colonial deal in Germany's favour? He is certainly not authorised to commit Great Britain in any way, as Mr. Malcolm MacDonald stated in answer to a question in the Commons on Tuesday. Nor, we are sure, is he authorised to commit his own Government. There were rumours a week or two ago that he, like some other people, cherished the project of presenting Germany with a piece of West Africa, composed of Belgian and Portuguese territories. But the Nazis have already announced that they will not be fobbed off with that; they want their own lost colonies back. Among those colonies is South-West Africa, now held under mandate by the South African Union. The South Africans have no intention of letting "South-West" go. General Smuts said the other day that he would fight for it, and Mr. Pirow would be equally opposed to German expansion—if it was south of the Equator.

Anglo-American Trade

It would be too much to say that the Anglo-American Trade Pact represents a decisive departure from either the sky-high Smoot-Hawley tariff or the principle of ring-fencing the British Empire consecrated at Ottawa. Nevertheless, within the limitations imposed by strongly entrenched interests and by the handicap of inherited Most Favoured Nation obligations, the agreement is on sound lines. The negotiators had to face the problem that America's concessions to Britain in respect of manufactured imports could not exceed her gains without a storm of Congress protest, while Britain could not concede lower duties in favour of American produce save at the expense, to some extent, of Canada. The solution is adroit. British duties on American wheat, lard, soft timber, apples and a few manufactured specialities, are lowered; a pledge is given not to tax raw cotton or increase, until 1942 at least, the existing preference on Empire tobacco; and Britain gives up certain preferences in Canada and the Colonies—e.g. in favour of American cars. In return, the United States tariff is stabilised in favour of British-made spirits and reduced in the case of a number of manufactures—notably textiles, but including also textile machinery, pottery, boots and shoes. To round off the deal, America promises either to reduce, in some cases, or —in most—not to increase her tariff against British Colonial produce, while Canada gets a more advantageous commercial agreement with the U.S.A. It may be doubted whether the pact will lead to a dramatic increase of trade between the United States and the British Commonwealth, but its conclusion is a welcome earnest of Anglo-American friendship.

Carving Czechoslovakia

Delimitation of the frontier between Germany and Czechoslovakia is now announced as having reached "finality." On Monday the Commission of Ambassadors "took note of" the boundaries agreed between Czech and German negotiators. These represent a modification of the Munich line in that several additional districts with a predominantly Czech population of nearly 30,000 are now to be included in the Reich. In the settlement "formally confirmed" by the Ambassadors, no pretence is made that the racial principle has been the determining factor. Choden, for instance, in south-western Bohemia, was claimed by Germany simply on the ground that the area is richly wooded. Similarly, Theben on the Slovak bank of the Danube is being occupied by Germany for no other reason than that it is proposed to fortify it strongly as the terminus of the Oder-Danube canal. The most astonishing feature of the Czech-German agreement, however, is the creation of a narrow corridor cutting Bohemia clean off from Slovakia. Along that corridor, 40 miles long and 60 yards wide, will run the projected motor highway from Breslau, through Brno to Vienna—built by German money, controlled throughout by German police. The physical disintegration of the Czechoslovak Republic could hardly be more complete.

United Australia

The Australian Government has responded promptly to the Australian Labour Party's demand for a revision of the Commonwealth Constitution. Drawn up in 1900, the Constitution is plainly out of date in almost all its economic provisions. As Mr. Meurice pointed out in accepting the demand for revision, the Constitution as it now stands prevents the Commonwealth from exercising any effective control over trading companies and combines, from regulating wages and conditions except in "inter-State" enterprises, from developing any concerted agricultural policy, from controlling aviation, from handling the unemployment problem (despite the existence of a Commonwealth insurance system), and from dealing with public health problems on national lines. At the special session, which is to be held to consider a revision of the Constitution, many difficult questions are bound to arise; but in its main lines the problem should be capable of being dealt with as a non-party issue. The series of expedients, such as the Premiers' Conference and the National Loans Council, by which the Commonwealth has endeavoured to evade the present limitation upon its powers, is admittedly most unsatisfactory, and has given rise to continual bickering. Australia needs a single authority, empowered to handle its common problem on unitary lines. The States can, without detriment to the whole, be no more than regional administrations applying a common system.

The New Milk Bill

It looks as if the Government's Milk Industry Bill will have a rough passage. Its opponents—who include farmers, cheese and butter manufacturers, and distributors as well as many of the mere consumers—are already marshalling their forces for the second reading. The Bill is a big affair of seventy-five clauses and eight schedules. It creates new organs for regulating the industry; adds to the powers of the Minister of Agriculture and the Secretary of State for Scotland; revises subsidies and payments, in some cases upwards, in others downwards; and "rationalises" the milk distributive service. This last is, indeed, an urgent reform. But the method proposed for carrying it out is open to plenty of criticism. The method in essence is the creation of boards of registered distributors to administer schemes for more efficient and economical distribution. That will mean the elimination of a number of small distributors—who will object to being eliminated even though they receive compensation. The public in general will not object to this; for everyone knows there are "too many milkmen." But will the establishment of another great organised monopoly of distributors to complement the Marketing Board—the monopoly of organised producers—and the powers given to the new Milk Commission to investigate costs and regulate distribution, assure to the consumers that substantial reduction in milk prices which they want and ought to have?

Public Utilities and Profits

The proposal of the London Passenger Transport Board to meet the demands of its stockholders by raising fares will not be popular in a city the size of London where travelling expenses are already more than many clerical and manual workers can afford. The Board is surrendering to the demands of a body of investors determined to get the 5½ per cent. due to them under their bond instead of the 4 per cent. they have been receiving lately. Its decision raises the whole question of hybrid capitalistic public utility enterprises. In the case of Imperial Airways it was intolerable that the company's directors could decide (up to a high maximum at least) what dividends should be paid, although the sole distributable earnings were derived from a subsidy. The case of the L.P.T.B. is equally objectionable, and so is that of the British Sugar Corporation, which though it draws a large subvention from the Treasury, is permitted to pay a 7 per cent. dividend. If capital is to get rewards greater than the 3½ per cent. at which the State can borrow at long term, it must shoulder ordinary commercial risks. Where a subsidy or monopoly franchise is appropriate, then the undertaking should be a pure public utility financed exclusively with fixed-interest capital.

The Railways in Trouble

Alarmed at the fall in their receipts during the present year, the railway companies have approached the Government for help. The companies assert that restrictions imposed on them at a time when railway carriers held in the main a position of monopoly ought to be modified now that this monopoly has been destroyed by the growth of road transport services. In passenger services, the railway companies have largely met the challenge by acquiring a controlling interest in road transport undertakings. But in the goods services this cannot be done to the same extent, as about four-fifths of all transport of goods by road takes place in vehicles owned by traders, or their subsidiaries, and not in independent cartage undertakings. The private road contractor, with freedom to pick his services and adjust his charges without legal restriction, continues to make serious inroads into the more profitable forms of goods transport. The railway companies will hardly urge the obvious remedy—national ownership and co-ordinated development.

The Depressed Areas

This week's debate on the Special Areas offered Mr. Brown, as Minister of Labour, another opportunity for trotting out the familiar figures. The Government has sunk three millions in trading estates, and committed itself to another two millions. It has paid nearly £1,400,000 in aids to health services, and promised nearly £5,000,000. It has spent a million on special housing grants, and two millions on land settlement, with a further million still to come. Social improvements account for another million; and the total adds up to £8,750,000 actually spent, or, including future commitments, to £17,000,000. This sounds quite impressive until one remembers that these sums are not annual payments, but capital commitments, including guarantees, and that they are the same money as has figured in one debate after another for years past. Trading estates are all very well in their way; but the amount of employment they provide is very small in relation to the need and, as Mr. Batey pointed out, they tend to employ chiefly women and children, with very little male adult labour. Moreover, in some of these new establishments started with Government aid, there appears to be actual sweating of the worst sort. There were allegations this week of a German-owned firm on one of the trading estates employing girl-labour at 8s. a week. If the Government is to subsidise new factories in the depressed areas, it ought at the least to apply "fair wages clause" conditions to the recipients of its bounty.

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SCIENCE AND CRIME

SIR SAMUEL HOARE'S Criminal Justice Bill is designed to make penal administration rather more scientific and humane and rather less sentimental and sadistic. It is a mark of social progress that it has had on the whole a good reception. How difficult it is to persuade people to think rationally on this subject, however, may be gathered from articles that have appeared here and there in the press, warning us against "coddling" prisoners and repeating the old and frequently exploded myth that garrotting and other crimes of violence have only been put down by the use of the lash. Sir Arthur Greer, speaking with the authority and experience of a judge, explains that one of the main considerations in assessing punishment is that it should be "adequate to satisfy the public indignation". In other words, though we talk of punishment as a deterrent and have begun to try the experiment of reforming instead of brutalising the criminal, we are aware that underlying this more civilised theory there lurks in the public mind the primitive motive of revenge. If a savage act is done, some people instinctively demand savage punishment; the fact that in abolishing the cat as part of a prison sentence Sir Samuel Hoare is acting on the recommendations of an expert committee, which has examined all the evidence, carries no weight with untrained people. Their reaction is not rational. They should ponder the remarks of the experienced Governor of Parkhurst in his last report to the Prison Commissioners:

> The human animal never stays frightened for more than a few hours at a time .... Man is too incurably ready to take a chance for such a theory [that he can be frightened out of crime] to succeed. On the other hand where a man considers himself oppressed he becomes increasingly anti-social.

The Bill does five things. In the first place, it deprives the courts of certain dangerous powers of punishment. Secondly, it empowers the Home Secretary to provide various kinds of new and modern equipment for "curing" or "training" the delinquent. Thirdly, it empowers and in some cases requires the courts to make use of this equipment as soon as it is provided. Fourthly, it provides for a new form of preventive detention for the "failures." Fifthly, it sweeps away from the Statute Book a great deal of nineteenth-century junk; such as the terms "penal servitude," "hard labour" and the three prison divisions, all of which have become obsolete.

The Act forbids the imprisonment of boys and girls of 15 without exception (there were four such cases in 1937); of those of 16 unless they are certified by the court to be too "unruly or depraved" for a Remand Home (117 cases in 1937), or of those from 17 to 20 years (2,170 cases in 1937), unless the court after considering the offender's circumstances and character decides for reasons to be stated publicly that nothing but imprisonment is appropriate. Some courts will certify anything, so the clause further provides that imprisonment of persons under 21 may be prohibited by Order in Council as soon as the Home Secretary is satisfied that adequate alternatives are available. The provision of alternatives with a view to hastening the day of complete abolition of imprisonment for boys and girls under 21 is perhaps the most important constructive part of the Bill.

First comes the alternative to imprisonment on remand or while awaiting trial, and it is provided that young people from 17 to 22 years of age shall if not released on bail be sent to a Remand Centre instead of prison if such a Remand Centre is available. To the same Centres may be sent the 14 to 16 year-olds who are considered too unruly for a Remand Home and who have hitherto been sent to prison. The clause will not become effective until the Home Secretary acts under the powers given to him in another clause and sets up State Remand Centres which must be provided with "facilities for the observation of any person detained therein." The Remand Centres and their junior editions, the State Remand Homes for those under 17 years, will not be effective unless they are built and staffed generously enough to secure thorough medical examination of the offender and thorough investigation into the family and social and educational background from which he came under the searchlight of the court as a proved delinquent. The system will not be effective unless there are enough Remand Centres and State Remand Homes for all courts to be served.

After the adolescent sinner has been investigated with care the court will take its decision. If the Secretary of State and the County Councils use the powers given them to establish "Compulsory Attendance Centres" and "Juvenile Compulsory Attendance Centres," the young hooligan who makes a thorough nuisance of himself by playing football in the streets or swinging on the infants' swings in the parks (youths have been imprisoned for these crimes in very recent years) may be required to spend some of his leisure from school or workshop at one of these Centres "and be given, under supervision, appropriate occupation and instruction."

In cases where treatment "in the open" by means of probation or compulsory attendance centres appears insufficient and institutional training at Borstal seems too drastic, the court will be able (if the Secretary of State has done his duty under Clause 13 and established enough "Howard Houses") to send offenders to live for six months, which may be extended to a year, in these State hostels under "residential control" while going out every day to work in normal conditions in factories, shops or offices, earning the normal wage and contributing towards the cost of maintenance. Howard Houses will in fact be half-way houses between freedom and Borstal. If they are small enough, numerous enough, scattered throughout the country, and most important of all, staffed quickly by wardens of the type Mr. Paterson has attracted to Borstal housemasterships, they should be a valuable acquisition to the armoury of the Courts. They preserve what is lost in the best of Borstals and Camps, the natural responsibilities of earning one's living and working side by side with one's luckier or less delinquent fellows.

From Howard Houses the Bill passes to Borstal. There is nothing problematical about Borstal. The institutions exist and have done excellent work, though they cannot provide a real apprenticeship to a skilled trade. The Borstal service has in it some men of unusual devotion and power of leadership. But we sometimes forget that the name of Borstal inspires in working-class boys and their parents a dread even greater than the dread of prison, because the period of committal is for three years, and the period normally served is two years. If a boy needs prolonged training and discipline he must go to Borstal, but the loss of liberty for two or three years is a heavy punishment for anybody, and at 17, three years is rather like eternity. It is therefore extremely disquieting to find that the Bill sweeps away restrictions as to eligibility for Borstal and empowers courts of summary jurisdiction to pass a Borstal sentence.

This is a tremendous power to give to a Court of two local justices, without training, maybe without experience, maybe with too much personal knowledge of the offender in their small town or village. The only check is the requirement that the court shall consider the Prison Commissioners' report as to the boy's suitability for Borstal, but that will not save the decent lad who really does not need or deserve relegation for two years. This change automatically abolishes the right to appeal to the Court of Criminal Appeal. If that were restored, and if (a big if) the lay magistracy were effectively reformed, trained and purged and if legal aid were given freely in all cases of serious charges, this extension of the power to commit to Borstal might be unobjectionable.

So much for the adolescent. There remain other important clauses, full of possibilities—for good and evil. The part dealing with probation sets out to improve the local organisation of probation. There is to be more money for training probation officers. There is power to meet the cost of mental treatment for probationers who need it. There is a new power to require a probationer to undergo mental treatment either as an out-patient or in a mental hospital, a provision which will probably arouse considerable criticism. So also will the change in procedure whereby a conviction will in future be recorded as a preliminary to making a probation order.

In Clause 38 the Courts are enabled to send an offender for medical examination and report to any approved hospital clinic or doctor and the cost of the examination is to be borne by the local authority. This is a real step towards the scientific method in the Courts. Its effectiveness depends on the magistrates.

The Bill invents two quite new sentences—Corrective Training for two to four years for young recidivists of from 21 to 30 years of age and Preventive Detention for double-dyed recidivists over 30 years of age, the period being two to four years and for the "hardened" offenders up to 10 years. Corrective Training is meant to do good to the offender; Preventive Detention is meant primarily to give society a long rest from his depredations or assaults. Clause 45 (2) (*a*) seems to envisage the creation of a political prisoner class—an important change of policy needing careful scrutiny.

This is in no way a revolutionary Bill; it is the culmination of much administrative experience, and it extends principles that have been found to work well. Though the Bill, as it stands, contains dangerous clauses, we can thank Sir Samuel Hoare and the Prison Commissioners for taking a further step towards more sanity in penal administration. We hope that when Parliament examines this Bill, it will recognise the humanity and common sense of the Bill; that we shall not hear all the twaddle about the benefits of the cat ("If I had not been well flogged at Eton, sir, I should not be the man I am to-day"), and that we shall hear its provisions carefully criticised and appraised as an honest attempt to apply to crime the knowledge that society now possesses about its causes and cure.

REYNAUD, BONNET AND ALL THAT

Résigne toi, mon coeur, dors ton sommeil de brute. The brutish slumber into which France collapsed after the Peace of Munich seems at last to be drawing to an end. People have stopped shrugging their shoulders in a sleepy way; they are recovering their capacity for getting excited. In the last three weeks events have moved quickly; and before this appears in print there are likely to have occurred some important new developments. For between now and then Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax will have come to Paris; and M. Daladier will have met the Finance Committee of the Chamber. And we may also know more definitely whether or not M. Bonnet has attained his great ambition of getting his Franco-German Declaration signed. It is true that, at the moment, he is rather uneasy about the whole thing; for feeling against Germany is running so high in England and the United States that even if he had his Declaration ready in his pocket he would wonder (as somebody at the Quai d'Orsay remarked) under what sauce he should serve it. For the present international atmosphere is no longer the happy atmosphere of the Four-Power honeymoon. That, in fact, was largely destroyed by Hitler's Saarbrücken speech, barely ten days after Munich; and with the subsequent demand for colonies, followed by the Jewish outrages, things have gone from bad to worse. I shall return to the "problem" of M. Bonnet later on.

The thing that France got excited about in the first place was her financial situation. After the terrible trade depression of the crisis months, and the heavy cost of the mobilisation, this was in a worse mess than ever. The Daladier Government had been given plenary powers on October 4th; M. Daladier, looking fierce and grim, said he needed them at once, without a moment's delay, *tout de suite*. And then nearly a month passed, and nothing happened. But then, at the Radical Congress at Marseilles M. Daladier declared: "*J'ai choisi mon chemin. La France, en avant!*" It made you feel like singing a marching song, Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, turum-turum, ta-tum, or the *Marseillaise*, or something. That was on the Thursday; and on the following Tuesday it was learned that M. Marchandeau, M. Daladier's Finance Minister (who had, presumably, helped in "choosing the road") had resigned—or rather, had swopped jobs with M. Reynaud, the Minister of Justice. During the two previous days a violent campaign had suddenly been let loose against M. Marchandeau in the *Petit Parisien* and several other papers, including the *Action Française*, which had begun to bellow about a "Blum-Marchandeau conspiracy." Poor Marchandeau—most conservative of Radicals, and most orthodox and cautious of France's Finance Ministers! What had happened? The conservative Marchandeau, after going thoroughly into France's financial problems, had, with the help of several high officials of the Ministry of Finance, come to the conclusion that France could not muddle along any longer in the old easy-going way; that there was a lot to be said for the Blum-Boris plan which the Senate had turned down last April; in short, that if France's economy was to be restored, it could only be done by new methods—that is, complete with a more or less camouflaged form of exchange control, something not unlike a capital levy, and other forms of financial "coercion." With the help of exchange control, credit could be inflated with comparative impunity; and with business conditions improving, there would be some real justification for "readjusting" the 40-hour week. It really would have amounted to putting France on a "semi-war basis." The banks would not hear of it, and M. Marchandeau went.

M. Reynaud, who took his place, is one of the ablest, and personally most *sympathique*, of French politicians. His ideas on foreign policy are sound; for years he supported all good causes, and brilliantly criticised the bad ones. He wiped the floor with Laval during the Abyssinian crisis; he was almost alone on the Right to support Blum's plea for a National Government at the time of the Anschluss; he supported a policy of firmness in the Czech crisis; he was consistently anti-Flandin and anti-Four-Power Pact. He certainly criticised the financial and economic management of the first Front Populaire Government, but while he disagreed with the principles of the famous Blum Plan of last April, he said that "it, or anything, would be better than the *status quo*"—that is, the French financial way of muddling along, and of living from hand to mouth in the vague hope that "confidence" or something might turn up.

Coming from M. Reynaud, the present decrees are particularly disappointing. M. Reynaud had always advocated "proportionate sacrifices for all," and this principle is strikingly absent from his plan. Its primary object is to restore the "confidence" of big business and high finance, and M. Reynaud's arguments that once this confidence is restored prosperity will increase, and everybody will be better off as a result, sounded like a curious anachronism. His defence of the orthodox and strictly capitalist basis of his plan was almost cynical; and one cannot help wondering whether he was not praising capitalism with his tongue in his cheek. For one suspects that the Plan is not what he would have produced had he been left to himself. And for reasons which remain a little mysterious, the second part of the Plan (which should have included old age pensions) was not published at all. Who stopped the old age pensions, and insisted that they be not included in the decrees, but be submitted to Parliament as a Bill, in the expectation that the Senate would reject them? And one suspects that M. Reynaud has another plan up his sleeve which he may produce under another kind of Government. Meantime, M. Daladier has been frightened by the uproar caused by the decrees and has already accepted the principle of "revision." We must wait and see what happens.

The Daladier Government is in an extraordinarily weak position, and something of a revolt is brewing against it even in the Radical Party. M. François de Tessan, a leading Radical, who is as little satisfied with M. Bonnet's policy of "appeasement" as with the intimacy growing between M. Daladier and the Right, wrote in *Paris-Soir* yesterday that it was highly regrettable that M. Daladier should be doing nothing to follow up Blum's attempt last March to widen the basis of the Government, that is, to form a real National Government which would, on the Left, include at least the Socialists. Instead, M. Daladier has declared war on the Communists, has greatly annoyed the C.G.T., and has abandoned all idea of a general "reconciliation." M. Daladier himself declared last March that no Government could afford "to have the working class against it." Has he forgotten his *mot*?

But it would be too much to expect M. Daladier to be consistent; and his hesitations and his readiness to submit to contradictory influences are a factor of great uncertainty in France to-day. This applies to foreign policy as well. At Munich M. Daladier was filled with a sense of failure and shame; on his return from Munich, he represented it as a great success. *Je n'ai rien regretté.* Then, for a time, he played about with a Munich policy, and seemed ready to consider a Franco-German settlement which would include the transfer of certain colonies lying outside the African "zone of security." Then, under parliamentary pressure and under the influence of public opinion, he denied in the most categorical terms any intention of giving away anything. This agitation against the surrender of any colonies has been an interesting phenomenon. The average Frenchman is not acutely Empire-minded; yet the outcry against any surrender of colonies to Germany was perfectly genuine; it was a remarkable reaction against the humiliation of Munich, against Hitler's threats that he would "take" the colonies if he did not get them, and against the pogroms. The anxiety shown by M. Monnerville, the Negro deputy, at the prospect of being "handed over to the Nazis" had a profound effect. I am told that in Senegal extracts from *Mein Kampf* were circulated among the natives—extracts in which Hitler refers to the Negroes as "ape-headed creatures"—and the effect was devastating.

The sharp reaction in France against the surrender of colonies was certainly a set-back to the "Munich Policy," and it is curious that the Right, with a high proportion of Munich enthusiasts and anti-Semites, should have taken the lead in this campaign for preserving intact "the Empire your ancestors have given you," and should have been loudest in denouncing the inhumanities of the racial doctrine. France to-day is full of such paradoxes and apparent inconsistencies. But the main arguments used on this question by the Right were that:

> (1) The surrender of colonies will be interpreted in Germany as a sign of weakness, and will make a European war more likely rather than less likely; and (2) if Hitler wants to bomb Paris on account of colonies, it means that he wants to bomb Paris anyway; and, in that case, why make his job easier by giving him a foothold in Africa?

It is true that M. Bonnet cannot have been pleased with M. Daladier's categorical "No" about colonies. It took M. Daladier a long time to make up his mind to say "No"; M. Bonnet probably urged him not to do it. For M. Bonnet has been working hard to obtain a Franco-German Pact, or at least a Franco-German Declaration on the lines of the Anglo-German Munich Declaration. With this single purpose in mind, he was ready to do some extraordinary things to oblige Hitler. For instance, to muzzle the French press. He prepared a decree giving the Foreign Minister legal powers to defend foreign dictators against press attacks; he prepared another decree in terms of which trials "likely to have international repercussions" would henceforth be conducted *in camera*. The Grynspan trial—with its inevitable public denunciations of the Nazi terror—would have been one of them. M. Marchandeau, the Minister of Justice, refused to sign the decrees. It is also curious that, under M. Bonnet's influence, a large part of the Paris press should have refrained from any violent comments on the pogroms. Likewise, any extravagant protestations of French loyalty to Poland and friendship for Rumania were discouraged. In short, everything was being done to prevent, as far as possible, anything that might have put Germany in a bad humour. And while the German press has been savage about England, it has, on the whole, been remarkably courteous to France. M. Reynaud alone was attacked on account of his decrees. But the German press knew that he was no friend of M. Bonnet's.

And Spain? M. Daladier, in so far as he is under the influence of the General Staff (and the story of the Czech crisis shows that the influence of the General Staff can be a greatly overrated factor), has no desire to facilitate a Franco victory by either granting the Rebels belligerent rights or by closing the Catalan frontier to foodstuffs. But M. Daladier is changeable, and has easily submitted to British pressure in the past, though now (as M. Blum said on Monday) there is no longer the same need "to be weak about Spain in order that England should be strong about Czechoslovakia."

As for M. Bonnet, he has, on one or two occasions in the past, shown a dangerous inclination to "buy Italy's friendship" at the expense of Spain, and hope for the best. But on Sunday, in reply to some gloomy speculations on the Anglo-French talks in the *Populaire*, he *spontaneously* informed M. Blum that *there was no question of granting belligerent rights to Franco*, and that the French Government was going to stick to the British plan, which excludes belligerent rights until all the foreigners have been evacuated. If so, some of the credit must go to the French Left and to the working class. They are already sufficiently exasperated by the decrees, and the betrayal of Spain would be the last straw; M. Daladier and M. Bonnet are just a little frightened. And some credit may perhaps also go to M. Reynaud, who has his own views on the Spanish question and who, in spite of the decrees, has not necessarily quarrelled with the Left for ever.

Paris, November 22nd. ALEXANDER WERTH

IS NAZI GERMANY CAPITALISTIC ?

IN an article which he contributed to THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION a couple of months ago, Mr. John Strachey put forward the orthodox Communist theory of Fascism. I fully realise that any criticism of this theory is highly unpopular. Thousands of strong anti-fascists feel that, if they once admit that Fascism is not simply a form of capitalism, they have somehow let down the cause of Socialism. This attitude seems to me to be morally admirable but otherwise silly. It implies a false idea of loyalty to Russia and an equally false idea of what it is in Fascism which every Socialist must oppose. I want to suggest that the real danger of Fascism is that it is not based on capitalist economics but on power economics, and that the difference between Germany and Russia lies not so much in their economic institutions but in the purposes for which those institutions are used.

When we say that a country is capitalistic, we mean in the first place that the development of its industrial production and the flow of its investment are motivated by the quest for profits ; in the second place, that its economic system is part of and dependent on the international credit system; and in the third place, that the owners and controllers of the means of production have a predominant influence in the affairs of the country. At least that is what we used to mean by capitalism, before the National Socialists came along. In our criticism, for instance, of British institutions, we complained first that industrial production and investment were permitted to proceed without regard to public welfare and, in the second place, that big business could exert pressure on government and thus destroy the efficacy of democratic forms.

In this article I am going to assume that Great Britain and France are still what we thought they were, capitalist States. But once I make this assumption, I get into difficulties because Nazi Germany fulfils none of my three principles of capitalism. Production and the flow of investment are no longer motivated by profit seeking, but almost completely regulated by a State-plan. In the international field the Nazis have not only broken with the credit system, but are attacking and exploiting it for political purposes, while at home the influence of the banker and the industrialist upon the direction of economic development has decreased steadily since 1933. The Nazis, who started as the servants of monopoly capitalism, are now its masters.

These statements sound dogmatic, as dogmatic indeed as Mr. John Strachey's. But they are supported by a considerable amount of evidence. Two recently published books, by Dr. Mühlen and Dr. Bruck, who have both made the exhaustive study of Nazi economy* which Mr. Strachey recommends, provide an astonishing wealth of data for the theory that Nazi economics are not capitalistic in any normal sense of the word, and that *Wehrwirtschaft* is sharply distinct from monopoly capitalism.

Consider first the facts about investment and production. Under Dr. Schacht's four-year plan and even more under the new plan of General Göring, the distribution of raw materials and of capital to the various industries is regulated not by market transactions but by State-planners. Investment does not flow freely or stay idle as it pleases ; it is regimented and conscripted. Not only does taxation absorb 60 per cent. of the net profits of industrial undertakings, but industries are compelled to erect gigantic unremunerative plants and often to take on more labour than they can afford. If there are any profits left over, they are compulsorily absorbed into any concern which the State wishes to stimulate. In brief, not only is production planned according to the political and military requirements of the State, with no regard to whether such production " pays," but prices are fixed for nearly all products by State officials. The money economy has been suspended, the open market tacitly abolished and the influence of the Stock Exchange is being steadily whittled away. I do not deny that there are still in Germany plenty of survivals of capitalism, but since Dr. Schacht's defeat early this year, such survivals are rapidly disappearing.

Germany is developing a political economy in the literal sense of those words. Her economics are being brought under the control of politicians and soldiers whose motive is not profit but power. Everyone, including industrialists, bankers, workers and peasantry, is set to work on jobs prescribed for them not by capitalistic requirements but by military needs. As Dr. Bruck points out, the Nazi plan derives not from Krupp and Thyssen, but from the wartime schemes of Walter Rathenau (a Jew !) and the socialist plans of Moellendorf, who invented *Gemeinwirtschaft* in 1918. The true difference between German and Russian economy is not that between monopoly capitalism and planning, but between an economy planned to raise the standard of living of a self-contained community and an economy planned by a bankrupt exporting State for the purpose of imperialist expansion. The Russian objective is simple and modified only by the requirements of defence ; the German plan of *Autarkie* is constantly modified as new areas of exploitation are added to the Reich ; its only constant is the determination to maximise the power of the State. Whereas monopoly capitalism considered political power as an instrument of capitalist development, the Nazis treat the banks and trusts as instruments of power-politics.

We find the same thing in the international field. Germany and Russia alike have a State-control of currency and of imports and exports, and by introducing State-marketing have made foreign trade an instrument of foreign policy. But Russia's gold supply enables her to avoid the barter system, which Dr. Schacht was forced to introduce. In their attitude to foreign capital, the Nazis have shown themselves far less reliable than the Bolsheviks. The latter defaulted once on their pre-revolutionary loans, but Dr. Schacht has managed to disguise his continuous default and thus to inveigle his creditors into financing his rearmament programme. Both States have defied international finance in fact, but while Germany (our defender against Bolshevism !) has exploited its divisions and played one creditor off against another, Russia honestly, if less ingeniously, alienated them all. *Hitler's Magician, Schacht* contains far the best account of Nazi financial policy which I have read, and it shows that throughout his career, Schacht has acted not as a banker who reveres the holy laws of high finance, but as a politician daring enough to treat banking as a plain instrument of political intrigue, respectable enough to hoodwink the bankers and investors of other countries into believing that he was playing their game. If there is anyone cleverer than Litvinov, it is Schacht.

Even Schacht, however, had some respect for financial proprieties. He obviously desired after a period of *soi-disant Autarkie*, to steer Germany back into normal capitalism and regain the financial credit he had forfeited. But Schacht has been defeated this year, and the Army-Planners under General Göring are now in complete control. What was a temporary expedient of capitalist policy has now become the real dynamic of German policy, and it is difficult to see how the Nazis can go back from power-economics to normal capitalism. For the expedient succeeded beyond all dreams. The exporters of normal capitalist nations are being expelled from market after market by a State which can offer a 10-years' agreement for the purchase of the total agricultural products of any Balkan country. While you can persuade the Bulgarians to sell you the whole of their onion crop and to expend a considerable portion of the price you pay on Nazi propaganda within Bulgaria, you are not likely to return to normal business methods, even if the whole business community is opposed to your policy. The Nazi State is now strong enough to stifle all business opposition and shrewd enough to leave its few rich men enormously rich. But the compensation which it pays to big business for expropriating it from power is tiny compared to that paid, for instance, by the L.P.T.B. to the investor.

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* *Hitler's Magician, Schacht*. Mühlen. Routledge. 10*s*. 6*d*. *Social and Economic History of Germany*, 1888-1938. Bruck. University Press of Cardiff. 12*s*. 6*d*.

The difference between the two sums shows the difference between the strength of the Nazi State and that of any democratic regime.

To say, however, that Nazi economy in some ways resembles that of Russia does not mean that Hitler has gone Communist. Whatever the resemblances, there is an eternal gulf fixed between a totalitarian economy inspired by the ideal of social equality and one whose only motive is imperial power. The Russian worker had to pull in his belt for a time while he built the foundations of a new equalitarian prosperity; but the German people have been regimented and starved by a new ruling caste in whose conception of the good life power economics and social inequality are essentials. It is possible that the rulers of Russia might forget their ideals, but there is no chance whatsoever of the Nazis suffering a conversion to Socialism. Only their liquidation would accomplish that in Germany.

Let me summarise my conclusions. (1) The Nazi State is not the servant of big business, but is now strong enough to impose its will on big business. (2) Production and distribution in the Third Reich are now planned by the National-Socialist State, and consequently consumption must also be planned. (3) The aim of this plan is the increase of the State's power and its use either for military expansion in war or for politico-economic expansion in peace. Its imperialism, precisely because it is not the divided and anarchic imperialism of monopoly capitalism, but a planned imperialism, is infinitely more dangerous. (4) There is no economic reason why National-Socialism, once it has gained a territory (Central Europe and the Near East?) in which *Autarkie* is really possible, should continue to be aggressive. Were it not for the character and philosophy of its rulers, it might well, on reaching this point, use its planned economy to raise the standard of living within its Empire. (5) The Nazis will, however, almost certainly continue their expansion beyond the demands of economic necessity. This is because the dynamic of the Nazi State is not economic interest but the lust for power. Such a dynamic is anti-socialist and anti-democratic, but it is also anti-capitalist.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

A LONDON DIARY

VERNON Bartlett's election has put new heart into everybody. Of course he was an unusually good candidate, a familiar and popular voice on the wireless, and greatly aided, no doubt, by Hitler who could not have timed his pogrom better for the Bridgwater poll. I have been asking myself since Bartlett's election how far this movement may spread, how far, that is, we may see in the near future the election of candidates who are not chosen primarily for their association with any party, but who are widely known to be good democrats and people who can speak with authority on some vital subject. There is an enormous floating vote which is fed up with all the old parties, strongly anti-Fascist and ready to support candidates of this kind. Such candidates need not be spell-binders and they certainly must not be tub-thumpers. I believe that one of Vernon Bartlett's great assets was his capacity for applying on the political platform his broadcasting technique of reasonable, familiar exposition. That is what people want. Our democracy is much better educated than most politicians imagine, and nothing annoys the electorate as much as a politician who assumes that slogans, a loud voice and a hearty manner are a substitute for the carefully prepared speech, good information and a reasonable approach to problems that are worrying everybody. In present circumstances dogmatism and slogans alienate votes, and sincerity, candour and reasonable argument win them.

* * *

These reflections were confirmed by a letter from Tom Harrisson, whose "Observers" went down to Bridgwater. "We have studied seven by-elections," he writes, "and of all the candidates, Vernon Bartlett was the only one for whom none of the hundreds we interviewed expressed dislike or contempt. The general rule is for ill-feeling to gather as candidates score debating points, answer mystical questions, wisecrack about each other and make personal remarks about the party leaders. This is just part of the political routine which pervades electioneering for no better reason than because it has always done so. But Bartlett knew none of the political tricks. Under the sensible guidance of Acland and Easterbrook, he practically ignored home affairs, and simply gave first-class lectures on the international situation. He did not even attack Chamberlain. His election sheet—the only political literature, by the way, which we have collected which is up to the standard of popular journalism—stated:

> Mr. Bartlett has some sympathy for Mr. Chamberlain who, he believes, was rushed and bluffed into a completely wrong course of action. Mr. Bartlett's own work at Munich kept him on the run for 25 hours on end, and he knows that by that time he too might have made an unwise decision.

There is no doubt that this sort of electoral decency went down. An observer noted one typical comment:

> Bartlett said Chamberlain was right. But Hitler wouldn't have had a war, but a revolution in Germany. He spoke really nicely, he did, of Chamberlain, though he did not agree with him. I shall vote for Bartlett.

* * *

Tom Harrisson comments on the 84 per cent. poll, which must be a record for a sprawling agricultural constituency, and I think he is right in arguing that "the non-voter" decided the issue. For Conservatism did not lose many votes, but Vernon Bartlett pulled out those souls who had not troubled to poll for many years. How lively the election was is shown by another witness, a baker with a round of his own in a group of Somerset villages. He told an observer:

> They had a rare meeting last night. Bartlett he knows what he's talking about. He told them that if the Mediterranean were attacked we couldn't do nothing, that's what stirred 'em up. They're not like they used to be, "what maister says is good enough for me." They be getting more educated now. There's lots of them Labour men, but they don't shout about it . . . only Liberals have a chance—mind, I'm a Labour man. A farm labourer can't get a turnip now for himself, they have to pay full price for all the milk they want. The farmers say they have to pay them wages (36 shillings), so that's all they get. What they don't like, the farm labourers who come in 'ere, is the long hours and the tied cottages. They know if they leave the job, well they lose their home, that's the worst of it.
>
> But just hear them talk about that man Bartlett. He is a Liberal. He don't half tell them what he knows. He told them straight that Hitler wouldn't have had war, he would have give up he would, it was only bluff. He hev a big meeting he hev, more than the Tory, they had to stand outside. They all wanted to hear him. Nobody asks him any questions. They be feared, he knows too much.

But perhaps the best comment which Mass Observation collected was of a farm labourer. Its queer confusion of outrage at the national humiliation with domestic discontents illustrates very vividly the state of public opinion, and proves that, if the politicians will only study the man in the street, a real democratic renaissance is still possible in this country. Here it is, just as it was taken down:

> Chamberlain was foxy, he diddled 'em out of a war. Hitler wants shooting, we've no guts now . That wireless man was good. Never heard of him before. Say he writes for the papers, too . . . They used to give a man a pint of cider to take a cow to somebody's bull, now they don't like to have to pay for it being taken after work's done, mister. They'd have you working for nothing, if they could, long hours and low wages, and in their own cottages when they can get you in 'em.

* * *

The idiocy of the *Daily Herald's* comment on the recent by-elections is too tragic for "This England." Having secreted the result of Bridgwater on the outside column of a back page, it wrote in its leader: "Mr. Vernon Bartlett scores a brilliant personal triumph. . . . The result at Walsall is superficially not so encouraging." Notice the careless rapture of that word "superficially." Mr. Bartlett won an apparently hopeless seat, while the Labour candidate at Walsall came no more near recapturing a constituency held by Labour in 1929! No doubt the *Herald* is forced to take a strict party line, but even political parties may gain by showing a little common sense, and I presume some members of the Executive expressed a surreptitious joy that Chamberlain had been defeated, when Mr. Dallas was not looking. Mr. Dallas, according to well-informed reports, regards it as " treason " even to face the difficult decisions that may confront Labour in the near future. It is probably true that the chances, for better or worse, of a Left Coalition are small, but it is also certain that by Wednesday of this week most of the Labour leaders had woken up to the importance of Bridgwater and decided that the path of wisdom was at least to wink an eye at Independent Progressives in constituencies where Labour has no chance.

* * *

Nazi pressure on the foreign press is steadily increasing. M. Bonnet, I gather, had actually prepared press decrees to please Hitler, but has withdrawn them in view of the Jewish outrages and the strength of popular feeling in France. The latest case I see is in Luxemburg where, as the result of German protests against a cartoon showing Hitler threatening Benes during the crisis, judicial proceedings, involving the whole issue of press freedom, are being taken against the Burgomaster of Esch. We may seem a long way from such dictatorship here, but we recall that Ribbentrop suggested that various British newspapers and cartoonists should be censored as part of the price of appeasement and that there have been cases, which Mr. Churchill no doubt had in mind in the solemn warnings he has uttered on this subject, in which the immense and elastic powers of the Official Secrets Acts have been used in the most menacing way against journalists, civil servants and authors. Mr. Dingle Foot's Bill to amend one of the most objectionable features of the present Acts is now again being introduced into the House of Commons. The NEW STATESMAN AND NATION is publishing in about ten days' time a pamphlet on this issue. It will explain in non-legal language what restraints and pressures now operate on the press and the dangers of a censorship which may be more or less effective because not openly avowed.

* * *

Another important Bill that comes up this week and which may easily be overlooked in the crush of greater affairs, is the Access to Mountains Bill which is this time being introduced by Mr. Creech Jones. I discovered the importance of this Bill years ago when I lived on the edge of the Derbyshire mountains. Every week-end the offices and factories of Manchester and Sheffield poured out their thousands of young people in search of open country, friendship and fresh air. To me it always seemed an outrage that they should find angry game-keepers to drive them off the moorlands—almost as great an outrage as the enclosure of the sea coast of Devon and Cornwall by persons who see private property even in the sands of the shore. Sir Charles Trevelyan used regularly to introduce the Access to Mountains Bill; it has behind it the enthusiasm of thousands of uninfluential people who are only asking to be considered as more important than so many grouse.

* * *

" What an appalling situation it is ! " I said to a friend. " To support rearmament and contemplate a war makes me feel like a murderer : to be a pure pacifist and argue that rather than run any risk we ought to hand Hitler anything he wants, including people who have trusted us and whom he wants to make slaves of, makes me feel even worse. Is it better to feel like a murderer or a skunk ? " " Yes," said my friend, " the choice does look like that, because Hitler shows no signs of wanting any form of genuine settlement or economic conference such as I have always advocated. We all know the way to the peaceful and international State—but it is not easy to see how you start there from the point we've reached. I am reminded of the reply I got in Ireland lately when I asked a man if he knew the way to Ballygoorlie. He said: 'Sure, I know the way to Ballygoorlie, but if I were going to Ballygoorlie, it is not from here I'd be starting ! ' " CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Miss R. D. Faulder.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Extracts should not be sent without their context. The article or passage should be sent in full with the proposed excerpt marked.

" I support the Prime Minister one hundred per cent.," said Mr. Grant-Ferris. " Next to Our Lord, I think Neville Chamberlain is the greatest man who has ever lived in the world."—*Hornsey Journal.*

PRACTICAL CHRISTMAS GIFTS. Chamberlain Peace China.—Advt. in *Manchester Guardian.*

The Mayor then asked if an expenditure of £2,700 a year on an Art School was justified. Culture, he said, was something that was innate. It could not be superimposed.—*Eastbourne Herald.*

Mrs. Chamberlain was told that the members of the Burrington (Somerset) Women's Institute were anxious to make a patchwork quilt from shirts belonging to Cabinet Ministers.—*Edinburgh Evening News.*

The popular account of King John's financial dealings with Jewry is that he imprisoned wealthy Hebrews and had their teeth extracted in instalments until they yielded to his extortions. In all this, however, there are extenuations for King John. The Government had to be maintained out of the royal patrimony. There was then no comprehensive and well-ordered system of rates and taxes. Nor did he deprive them of the means of livelihood or cause them to be " beaten up." His tooth-drawing was not sadistic, but a practical and, comparatively, mild way of exercising financial pressure. There was nothing malicious or destructive in it.—*Church Times.*

Without irreverence it may be urged that the same tender care should be bestowed upon this family A.R.P. guide, as was traditionally given to the family Bible.—*Gloucester Citizen.*

DARK HOURS IN SLOVAKIA

[FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT]

VERY little has come to light in the English Press about conditions in the eastern half of Czechoslovakia since Munich—and even less since the Vienna award and the return of Southern Slovakia to Hungary. One reason for this is that public interest was concentrated on events in Bohemia, a part of the country always better-known west of the Rhine, another that by the time of Slovakia's dismemberment a feeling of disillusionment and futility had made the British public lose interest in events that had been taken beyond their control; but a third reason, and perhaps the most important, has been the extremely effective censorship clamped down by the new authorities of " liberated " Slovakia. As one of the few special correspondents in the region while the Hungarian troops were pushing up to their new frontier, I had a particularly good opportunity of observing what " appeasement " looked like on the line of the Danube.

Nobody who was acquainted with the Slovakia of the last few years can have viewed recent developments without horror and deep sadness. Little publicised, Slovakia was making immense strides forward, both culturally and materially, and a population that had been kept in an almost incredibly backward state by its former Hungarian rulers was rapidly receiving new schools and colleges and opportunities of advancement. The Hungarian minority, no doubt, had their grievances, and in the family quarrel between Czechs and Slovaks, by no means all the right was on the Czech side; but both Slovaks and Hungarians benefited from the Republic, in land reform, social legislation and material progress. Building activity was considerable, partly strategic, partly industrial, partly cultural: Bratislava, tolerant, lively, rapidly modernising itself, was one of the most attractive cities in the Danubian area.

Now that same Slovakia, mercilessly amputated by the Axis Powers with a cynical disregard of anything but their own struggle for position in the Balkans, seems, under the rule of a government that—according to this spring's elections—can only represent a minority of the population, not only to be abandoning democracy, but also to be incapable of controlling the excesses of its own extremists. Among the Czechs, in spite of bitter disillusion, the traditions of Masaryk and Benes survive; ideals of civilisation and tolerance will remain in Bohemia, and if we do what we can to bridge the gulf created at Munich, we may still maintain friendship and help to preserve something of the spirit of Czech democracy. In Slovakia the rot has spread rapidly.

Two official notices, published the morning I arrived, characterised the times through which the country is passing. One declared that "without the knowledge of the Government" members of the Hlinka Guard (Slovak Fascists) and German Ordner (storm-troopers) had been creating panic among the population. "It is strictly forbidden," the order ran, "to search people's pockets and take away valuables." So serious has the lawlessness of the Hlinka Guards and the German storm-troopers become, that the Slovak Minister Teplansky broadcast this order in the name of the Government. Despite it, I saw Hlinka Guards openly searching all passengers at Bratislava station the same afternoon. I myself had my suitcase turned out, everything minutely searched and flung in disorder into the suitcase again. Both my British passport and a reference to the Government prohibition were only laughed at. Yet none of the passengers searched were going abroad—most of them were travelling on the Prague express, which was delayed ten minutes by the Guards, whose only authority was a blue and red armlet bearing the sign of the double cross. There was no warning, however, to travellers arriving in Bratislava that there would be any restriction placed on their taking out property when they left. During the period while I was there, no one was allowed to take out more than 500 crowns. A second Government order on the same day said that this restriction was never imposed by the Government, but that "Hlinka guards and security organs call attention to suspicious persons, especially Jews, who take away considerable property which would damage Slovakia's economy."

All along the main streets of Bratislava scores of fine shops stand with shattered plate-glass windows, the results of the recent anti-Semitic rioting. Other shops display protective placards stamped by the German N. Thousands of Jews of foreign origin have been, and are still being, rounded up and carried off to the territories which the Hungarians are occupying. A further order was issued to all police and gendarmerie stations on the Friday to round up all Jews with property and intern them with their families, "securing" their property. This order many prefects refused to obey on the grounds of its vagueness, and on Saturday it was rescinded. Most of those arrested under it were subsequently released, but the deportation order was still being enforced when I left.

Such unofficial excesses and official severities are known to be deeply deplored by the Premier, Father Tiso, but he has a difficult team to drive. One section of Slovak politicians, in their anxiety to secure Germany's protection against Hungarian demands, committed themselves so far to German plans for making Slovakia a German colony that they have now to take their orders from Berlin and Vienna. To remind them, across the Danube—opposite Bratislava's promenade—the banks of the river in the suburb of Engerau, annexed by Germany under the Munich terms, are painted with such inscriptions as "The Führer gives bread: Death to the Jews," and by night a giant swastika glows. Another section seeks protection against Germany in a surrender to Hungary. Still another would grant a common frontier to Hungary and Poland at the expense of Ruthenia for the same reason. Father Tiso himself seeks orderly co-operation with Prague in rebuilding what Munich has left of the shattered Czechoslovak Republic, but the Catholics are in danger of losing power to the Fascists and German Nazis, who openly wear the swastika in the streets. It is believed that Tiso only secured an abatement of the worst excesses by the threat to resign; for that the extremists are not yet quite ready.

The excuse given for anti-Semitic excesses is that the Jews side with the Hungarians; two young Jews, one only two weeks in the country after five years in Palestine, have been under arrest as "leaders" of a Hungarian demonstration. No one can explain why the Jews should want to be joined to anti-Semitic Hungary. And in Budapest many people told me: "When we march in, we must punish the Jews who have scandalously sided with the Slovaks against us." The contrast between the completely orderly withdrawal of the Czechoslovak forces before the Hungarian advance and the excesses of the Hlinka guards in the interior was striking. I had great difficulty in getting through the Hungarian lines from Komorn to Nove Zamky, at a time when it was still held by the Czechs; but, once through the lines, I found everything in order. There was no direct aeroplane or railway communication between Hungary and Czechoslovakia, and in Komorn Hungarian headquarters refused to give a permit to go through the lines. My Budapest chauffeur also refused to risk his life in the hands of the Czechs, but failed to notice a little group of Hungarian soldiers standing by a machine-gun ten miles before Nove Zamky. It was the last Hungarian outpost, although the Hungarian headquarters in Komorn had told us that Nove Zamky was already occupied. Suddenly came a challenge out of the darkness from another outpost with a machine-gun which was pointing the opposite way. It was the Czech rearguard. The chauffeur, terrified by Hungarian newspaper propaganda of Czech savagery, tried to turn his car and escape, but I jumped out quickly, and at once procured a permit from the Czech officer for him to return through their lines after driving me in to Nove Zamky.

In Nove Zamky the Czechs were forming up for a fresh withdrawal. The station booking offices were closed and the money removed, but one more train was running where the guard took money for tickets and carried it on to safety in Bratislava. All the remaining rolling stock was assembled into a long train and I left—one hour late—with the last of the Czechoslovaks, on the last Czechoslovak train which will ever run from Nove Zamky to Bratislava.

ON BEING REMEMBERED

"How nice to be remembered!" a woman said to me, looking radiantly happy. As she had got out of her car at a parking-place near Covent Garden, the attendant had said to her: "It's eighteen months since you were here last, lady." "Two years and a half, I should say," she corrected him. "No, lady," he said, "eighteen months." And the precision with which he remembered her gave her as much pleasure as a compliment from a king. There is nothing snobbish, indeed, in the delight human beings take in being remembered. It is pleasant to be remembered by a Prime Minister; it is also pleasant to be remembered by a waiter. The ego expands under this always slightly astonishing flattery. You may not have visited a restaurant for years: you enter it with a feeling almost of guilt because of your long unfaithfulness; yet, at sight of you, the head-waiter's face lights up, he shows you to the table where you once used to sit, he welcomes you as one who has returned from prolonged foreign travel, and no wine that you drink can rival in deliciousness the reminiscent warmth of his handshake and his talk.

Many hotel-keepers, tobacconists and barmaids are specialists in these feats of Pelmanism. I have gone into a tobacconist's where I had bought cigarettes many months before, and that only on two or three occasions, and, without waiting to hear what brand of cigarettes I wanted, the tobacconist has produced a packet of the same make that I had previously asked for. I may have changed my brand in the interval—for I am as changeable as Don Juan in my search for the perfect cigarette—but, flattered by his remembering me, I have accepted without protest the cigarettes I have grown to dislike. There are men who are flattered, on going into a public-house, if the barmaid asks them: "The usual?" The fact that their tastes have been remembered even for twenty-four hours gives them a sense of their extraordinary importance in the scheme of things. We do not analyse our pleasure in being remembered; but I imagine that, when this happens, each of us feels that it is something special to himself, something that does not happen to everybody. We are of the elect—not of the easily forgotten multitude.

There are men who become balloons of pride even when a cloakroom attendant in a restaurant says: "*You* don't need a ticket, sir. I'll remember." The thought of being, unlike the common ruck, remembered to the end of a meal, makes them walk on air as they move towards their table.

It is odd that we should so enjoy being remembered, for we ourselves remember hundreds of people and our memory of them is not always flattering. If a man comes up to me at a party and says to me: "You won't remember me, I'm So-and-So," I reply: "I remember you perfectly," but I do not tell him whether my memory of him is agreeable or disagreeable. Such optimists are human beings, however, that they usually take it for granted that, if they are remembered at all, it must be for something agreeable. Or it may be that we do not think of ourselves as agreeable or disagreeable but simply as persons, and all that we ask is that our names or our faces should leave at least a faint impression on the memories of other people. It is a foolish ambition, for the strength of memory varies from person to person, and there is no reason to be proud of being remembered by somebody who remembers everything. It was said of Lord Salisbury, when he was Prime Minister, that he could not remember the faces even of the ministers in his own Cabinet. One might have plumed oneself on being remembered by such a man as that. King Edward VII, on the other hand, was said never to forget a face: there was not much ground for elation in being remembered by him. Yet many men did feel this elation, deceiving themselves into the belief that they had been picked out of the crowd for special notice.

As I get older, I find it more difficult to remember people after one or two meetings. Even when I remember their faces, I cannot always remember their names. This becomes embarrassing when one has to introduce one of them to somebody. One has to introduce a man simply as "Mr. Mumble-mumble-mumble." If the woman to whom you introduce him is lacking in intelligence and says: "I'm sorry, I didn't catch the name," one can only clear one's throat and repeat with a still more indistinct utterance: "Mr. Mummel-mummel-mummel." Fortunately, when I am entrapped in such a situation, I can take courage from the knowledge that many people regard me as at the best of times semi-inaudible.

If we were honest, we should say frankly: "I'm sorry, I have a hopeless memory, I can't remember your name." But we cannot be honest, knowing how many people resent having their names forgotten. Many charming people, of course, take it for granted that no one remembers them and mention their names without waiting to see whether they are known. How wise they are, for names are as easily forgotten as lines of poetry, and to forget them is no evidence of lack of appreciation. Even these charming people however look brighter when it is made clear that they are remembered. In the eyes of almost all men and women, to be remembered is a boon and to be forgotten a bane.

When I return to the scenes of my youth, I confess I look about for the faces of those who will remember me, if it is only the face of the tipsy, red-headed grocer with the cockatoo curl. I walk through streets where I once recognised every fifth face, and see only the faces of strangers. I set out for the tobacco-shop where the proprietor used to be able to tell at a glance whether the customer would buy a two-ounce tin of tobacco or only a box of matches. ("Here comes a box of matches," he would say viciously as a swell in Norfolk jacket and knee-breeches would enter. "Thank you, *sir*," he would say with a sardonic look, taking the penny.) The shop is gone; the hater of matches probably dead. It is the same all along the street. The chemist, the confectioner, the hosier, have vanished, and men who do not remember me have taken their places. I have a feeling of being utterly forgotten in the place I remember most vividly and with the greatest affection. Ghosts walk the streets, and I can see them at every corner, but ghosts are no substitute for living human beings with their remembering faces.

Such is the passionate desire for being remembered that many people, on returning from a holiday, are conscious of a pang even if the cat seems to have forgotten them. Whether the majority of cats remember their owners or not, I do not know. I have seen one cat racing across a garden to greet a child after a long absence, obviously as faithful in its memory as the dog of Ulysses. On the other hand, I have known many cats who would scarcely deign to open an eye to greet a returned traveller who had squandered years of devotion on them. There is no greater proof of the unselfishness of human beings than their affection for that ungrateful animal, the cat.

Almost as strange as the desire to be remembered by car-park attendants or cats is the desire to be remembered by posterity. It is surely the greatest of all vanities to wish to be praised in one's grave by generations of whose taste, politics and morals one would probably strongly disapprove. If one believes that the soul is immortal, such praise must appear trivial. If one believes that death ends all, it must end the capacity for enjoying praise. The human being is not reasonable, however. He enjoys the thought of being remembered in history, even though he knows that half of those who are thus remembered are remembered with dislike. Apart from this, according to some authorities, posterity has a way of remembering all wrong, and good men like Richard III are remembered as bad, and bad men are remembered as good. Is it worth being remembered by such distorters of the truth? About as much, I imagine, as it is worth being remembered by a car-park attendant. All we know is that it—or the thought of it—gives us pleasure. "How nice," said the woman, "to be remembered." Who but a misanthropist will contradict her? Y. Y.

WE'LL GO NO MORE A-ROMEING

The Italian Government never intended to send air reinforcements compensatory to the infantry withdrawn.—Prime Minister, November 2nd.

Although Italy has withdrawn 10,000 worn-out troops from Spain, from middle of September to middle of October she sent 49 planes, 5,000 fresh troops and thousands of tons of war material.—*Daily Telegraph*, November 22nd.

So, we'll go no more a-meeting,
A plan for Spain to find,
Though Rome be still a-cheating,
And our hearts are still as kind.

For the mask outwears the face,
And the breach wears out the ban,
And the facts must change the case
And the Pact consume the plan.

Though our way be still as winding
And our goal be still as plain,
Yet we'll go no more a-finding
A formula for Spain.

SAGITTARIUS

Correspondence

LABOUR POLICY

SIR,—Your issue of last week confronted us with two surprises. Mr. Cole, of all people, poured a douche of tepid water on the prospects of a People's Front, though even after his destructive analysis, he remained its cautious adherent. And then Mr. Gordon Walker while stressing several important reservations, turned out to be a partisan of the idea.

One may agree that there are dangers in sporadic and unorganised progressive candidatures. For my own part I am more disposed to welcome this sign of vitality among the rank and file. Faced with the inertia of Transport House, they thought more of the perils that face democracy than of the restrictions and vetoes of party discipline, and at Bridgwater they improvised a brilliantly successful demonstration against Mr. Chamberlain's policy. Their action was, I believe, typical of the feeling that now dominates the active workers in the constituencies. As chairman of the unofficial conference, attended by 120 constituency Labour Parties, that met on October 23rd in London, I was deeply interested in their spontaneous expression of opinion. The organisers of the Conference had asked for collaboration among all sections of the Opposition only on the single issue of Spain. But out of the resolutions and amendments sent in by a large number of parties there emerged the much bolder motion which the Conference ultimately adopted. It called for "a People's Government, led by the Labour Party, based upon a broad union of all the progressive forces in the country." This is to-day the demand of the active vanguard among the workers of the Party. Unorganised progressive candidatures are not its ideal. It asks the Labour Party to lead. But until some leadership is forthcoming, local initiative is a sign of health.

Mr. Cole's article, it seemed to me, laid too little stress on the psychological effects that would follow an agreement on policy between the Labour and Liberal parties. A feeling of helpless depression has settled on most of us because we know that failing a miracle, without the capture of some rural seats, Labour unaided cannot win a general election. We see on the Front Bench no magician capable of miracles. But in alliance with the Liberals this adventure in the green counties, above all, may be within our reach. The proof of that statement is not to be sought merely in an analysis of electoral returns. A new fact in our national life would confront everyone of us on the day these two parties agreed on a common programme and took a pledge of mutual aid in the constituencies. At once the possibility of victory would give us a stimulus that we have lacked for many a year. This would influence not merely the active workers but the average voters on the fringe of our parties. For the first time it would dawn on this average man that when we declare that democracy and our national independence are in danger, we really mean what we say. So long as we are content to make our customary routine motions in fratricidal competition, he will not believe us.

Mr. Gordon Walker wisely insists that the foreign policy we oppose is that of a class. It follows that Labour must preserve not only its organisation but the direction of its domestic policy. Fortunately the Liberal Party, purged of its office-seekers and its plutocrats in a series of secessions, would welcome a bold policy of social reform. Nor would it shrink, if its abler, younger men fairly represent it, even from some measures of socialisation. It would not be reckless to discuss in conference with the Liberals the socialisation of the armaments industry, some steps towards the national ownership of agricultural land, the nationalisation of the Bank of England and even the socialisation of the coal mines. In return they would fairly ask for some measure of electoral reform.

So soon as the leaders of the Labour Party are ready in principle to abandon the old attitude of sectarian isolation, a meeting to explore the possibility of agreement on a short-term programme, covering domestic as well as foreign and imperial policy, would be the natural next step. We should not forget that while we may have to curtail our own paper programme, we stand to gain not merely an otherwise unattainable majority, but also formidable backing against the sabotage of the City and the Lords.

The doubts of both writers as to the wisdom of welcoming the support of the Tory rebels will be widely shared. One may prefer these aristocratic Tories, who at least have spirit, to Mr. Chamberlain's following. But their prime concern is not to make a stand for democracy against Fascism: it is to defend the Empire they own. The first step, therefore, is to agree with the Liberals on a common basis of policy, at home as well as abroad. If that should then commend itself to some far from typical Tories, their votes and their talents should be welcomed. Finally, no effective resistance to the Fascist Axis is possible without Russian support. If we hold out one hand to the Liberals, we must extend the other to the Communists. H. N. BRAILSFORD

37 Belsize Park Gardens, N.W.3.

SIR,—At the 1935 election, many of my friends and I voted for the Conservative candidate in our constituencies, believing, as Mr. Chamberlain wrote in his own election address: "That the preservation of the League of Nations is the keystone of the Government's policy." But we do not understand the policy of appeasement which has been substituted, because we can see no difference between the ultimatum of Godesberg—against the acceptance of which Mr. Chamberlain was prepared to fight—and the dictated terms of Munich.

Mr. Cole's article in your issue of November 19th does not recognise the strength of the opposition to this policy of appeasement amongst the Conservative electors. If his attitude is maintained officially, there will be no other choice at the next election for this Conservative opposition in many constituencies but that of supporting the National candidate and hoping for a change of policy or of voting Labour as a gesture of disapproval.

May I suggest that the Labour Party now has a real chance to lead this country? The present National Government attained power under the nominal leadership of a former Labour leader. Might not this process be reversed? E. MONTGOMERY

2 Downing Court,
Grenville Street, W.C.1.

A SPONTANEOUS OUTBURST OF INDIGNATION

SIR,—After an interval of eighteen months I returned recently to that part of the Rhineland where I spent many years as a child, to visit old friends. On Tuesday, November 8th, I moved on to stay with a young married couple not many miles from Cologne.

I believe it is generally realised in England to-day that the abominable brutalities carried out against the Jews and their property was the organised work of the "Nazi Teufel," as I heard them so frequently described during that week; but the plea of so many German friends has been to "make England understand, please, that this is not the work of the German people—we are horrified at what the Nazis have done to our Jewish friends—we are not such barbarians," that I hope my personal experiences and knowledge of what took place may be able to do this for them.

On the Wednesday morning our breakfast was interrupted by the crash of breaking glass, and on going to the window we saw a lorry drawn up by a little general store. A party of about 15 S.A. men, most of them in uniform and armed with sticks with a heavy metal knob, were smashing the windows of the shop, and then proceeded to scatter the stock into the road. After completely wrecking the shop they got into the lorry and drove off.

A few minutes later a heavy cloud of smoke rose from a street a short distance away. As we learnt later, this had been a drapery and furnishing business run by Jews. The bedding, etc., was thrown out into the street after the smashing process had been carried out and then all was set alight.

Meanwhile, from the small general store, the son of the Jewish proprietor came out and commenced to gather up the wreckage from the street, while the sympathetic crowd that had collected stood, stunned and uncomprehending, unable to realise what had been done and why.

Suddenly the lorry swept round the corner and again drew up. Some of the S.A. men jumped out and commenced to beat the young Jew. At that moment the aged proprietress, white as a sheet but unflinching, came out of her ruined shop and, standing between the youth and his attackers, faced them. One of the men raised his stick and seemed about to strike her, but, apparently called back by the leader, let his arm drop to his side, and all returned to the lorry and drove off.

Later in the morning we drove into Cologne and there found a similar tale of destruction by the same methods. In each case the lorry or the party arrived, mostly in uniform but with a portion of the S.A. men in civilian clothes. There were never any police on the scenes during the wrecking, although they sometimes appeared a few minutes after the wrecking parties had moved off

The general public, which collected as the sounds of smashing commenced, stood incredulous and shocked to see the senseless brutality and destruction that was carried out.

We saw sights that morning that will not fade from my memory. As we approached one square a lorry of S.A. men drove past at a furious pace. Tied to the back of the lorry was a small two-wheeled cart and alone, clutching the sides, sat an elderly Jew.

The historic synagogue in the Glockengasse, smouldering and entirely burnt out, with the glorious old stained-glass windows utterly destroyed. The new synagogue in the Konigsplatz also burnt out, wooden seats piled in the roadway, Rabbi's vestments, altarcloths, even sacred vessels and the golden book of the Commandments thrown on top, the whole senselessly burnt. Garments of resident Jews and vestments were thrown into the branches of the trees and left for three days, when the Jews were permitted to bring them down. Furniture and bedding from doctors' and other private houses thrown from windows into the street, piled there and burnt. The Altstadt, with every Jewish shop in senseless and wanton destruction. Markant's magnificent store in the Schildergasse, with a wonderful display of porcelain, glass, antique Chinese vases, all three storeys of the store utterly wrecked (450,000 marks value of stock destroyed here). Speiers (also Schildergasse), world-known for shoes and leather work, many splendidly fitted stores in the Hohestrasse, including two of the finest fur shops in Cologne—all smashed and the stock scattered.

It was the work, not of normal citizens, not of the men of Cologne, but of the gangs of inhuman fanatics that I saw so many times that day driving in lorries.

Yes, there *was* a "spontaneous outburst of indignation" in Germany that day; but it didn't start at 4 a.m. in the morning throughout Germany. It came in the afternoon when, after 12 hours of insensate destruction by the Nazi gangs, Dr. Goebbels on the radio explained it as the work of the people of Germany and ordered that it must cease forthwith.

It was then that I witnessed among my personal friends the spontaneous indignation—that such doings as they had witnessed that day should be ascribed to the German people.

It needed no broadcast to stop that sack of the Jews. Instructions could have been quietly issued for it to cease through the same channels that had issued the orders for its commencement before dawn on that fatal day. The broadcast will prove one day to have been a blunder. I was relieved to find on my return to England that it had failed to deceive any country into believing that it was the work of the German people. And for the people of Germany themselves, stunned and horrified at the Nazi vengeance on the Jews, the attempt by Goebbels to put the responsibility on them will not be forgiven nor forgotten.

Conversation for the rest of the week could not get away from the terrible scenes of that day, but from the daily life of my friends and their friends I realised that conditions have become considerably worse and less endurable than in 1937. There is more fear, more distrust, more suspicion of spying for the regime even among intimate friends. The "Eintopf" levy is now 1 mark weekly, 50 pfennig for *Winterhilfe* in Germany, 50 pfennig for the Sudetens. The flour is abominable, a lumpy unworkable substance that turns the grey of cement when milk or water is added. The meat, whether fresh or frozen, is, due to the inferior cattle food, spongy and most unpleasant. The butter ration is ¼ lb. per person per week, but can by no means be obtained with any regularity. Raw materials are unobtainable for many small manufacturers—an illusory and inadequate ration of material for delivery in six months' time is held out, but no suggested solution of how to tide over a winter of extreme hardship and difficulty is offered.

I talked freely with old friends, people in many walks of life—some I knew in the past as believers in the Nazi regime even three years ago. I found not one sign of a united people following that political ideology to-day.

G. B.

THE NEW CRIME BILL

SIR,—In your note headed "A First-class Bill," you state that the proposal to give local justices power to inflict Borstal sentences for small offences will have to be very carefully examined. Surely it should be strenuously opposed. A Borstal sentence is three years detention; it also involves a further year on licence during which the delinquent may be recalled to the Institution for another year's detention; it may therefore be said in one sense that the loss of liberty can extend to five years in all. A court of summary jurisdiction is a quite unsuitable tribunal to be entrusted with such powers of punishment over offenders between 16 and 21 who may only have been convicted for the first time of some trifling offence. Vague qualifications as to the offender's "character or habits" are no safeguard at all. The results of Borstal detention are not so good as to make us wish that Borstal sentences should be lightly passed on an ever-increasing number of youths and girls. The number who are re-convicted after they are released on licence is depressingly large. This is no reflection on the staffs of the Institutions, but results from the massing together of hundreds of young people who have had the misfortune to pass through the Courts and also from the great handicap in finding satisfactory employment which inevitably attaches to Borstal boys.

CLARA D. RACKHAM

Cambridge.

SIR,—The chorus of praise now swelling up in all so-called humanitarian circles over the Criminal Justice Bill is no doubt joined in heartily by the gangsters and garrotters whose operations have some part of the press to themselves nearly every day. In fact—as if to celebrate the proposed abolition of the cat—they have indulged in at least two brutal hold-ups since the introduction of the Bill a week ago; and we are probably in now for a positive orgy of such crimes.

I note that at present you do not go further than to set down the bare terms of the new legislation as it affects the infliction of corporal punishment, and may be reserving a more extended comment. But there is one differentiation about this cat business that surely sticks out a mile. *Flogging is to be administered only for attacks on warders in prison.* So it comes to this. The prison authorities, who have all the King's horses and all the King's men behind them, and can whistle for armed assistance at the slightest sign of violence on the part of a prisoner—these alone will have power in the future to order a flogging. The judges will have none. If a defenceless shopkeeper has his head bashed in, or his eye knocked out, or a clerk carrying his firm's money in the street is set upon, robbed and left for all but dead, the utmost that the law will be able to impose if the culprit is caught is a term of imprisonment in one of our new "home from home" gaols. Many of these fellows openly boast that they can do that "on their heads." And when they come out they can go and pick up the swag which has been safely stowed away.

There is too much mush talked nowadays about "reforming the criminal," and not injuring his "self-respect" by the "indignity" of the cat-o'-nine tails. It is always the brutal thug who is the object of our solicitude—seldom his helpless victim. This seems to me to be humanitarianism gone mad. Why should these gentry be spared the "indignity" of a damned good hiding, be cosseted in gaol, and even, in some cases—as it is now proposed—be treated merely as "mental patients"? We have much judicial evidence to show that flogging does act as a deterrent of the "robbery-with-violence" type of crime. But I don't care if it doesn't. Each case of this kind ought to be dealt with on its demerits, irrespective of whether it incites or deters a similar crime being committed by somebody else.

The more sentimental species of criminal "reformer" is fond of that blessed word, "pathology." The garrotter is not really wicked—he is simply the victim of a mental kink, and should be sent away to a "home." Good. I suggest that the homes of the "reformers" themselves be utilised for a start. If we proceed much farther in the direction of making everything comfortable for the criminal his lot will tend to be more enviable than is that of thousands of poverty-stricken but law-abiding citizens who need no repentance of this kind.

The provisions made in the Bill for safeguarding the youthful offender from the humiliation and disgrace of a prison sentence are all to the good. The tender plant, however "weedy" at the beginning, should not be subjected to the rough climate of life in gaol, even when it has wireless laid on. But the incorrigibles among the sand-bagging, knuckle-dusting gangster fraternity should be given a taste of their own medicine. It may not deter them from doing it again; but it will, at least, prevent them from becoming contemptuous of justice and the law—which is, I am afraid, what will happen when they know that, whatever violence they use to attain their ends, they can never again be confronted with the cat.

HUBERT WARING

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[We print this letter as a perfect example of the type of loose and misinformed sentiment to which we refer in our leading article this week. It would be an interesting and useful study to examine in detail the jumble of prejudices, traditional illusions and misconceptions shown in this letter.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

WHY NOT A UNITED IRELAND ?

SIR,—May I have your permission to reply to two correspondents—Mr. Henry Harrison and Mr. E. L. Mallalieu, who made attacks on Northern Ireland.

It is said that we abolished Proportional Representation and "jerrymandered" the constituencies in order to victimise the Roman Catholic or Nationalist minority. Nothing of the sort. The first two General Elections for the Northern House of Commons were conducted by means of Proportional Representation. It was found, however, to be a cumbersome and costly method of election and we abolished it. We resorted to single-member constituencies and the redistribution of seats was carried out in such a way as to ensure that the minority would have as many representatives as they had under P.R. They have now the same number of members as previously. So much for that complaint. As regards local district divisions which elect urban and rural councils, we appointed the Deputy Recorder of Belfast—a distinguished lawyer—to deal with the matter. He held courts in various places in order to readjust the boundaries and invited people to attend to give evidence. What occurred? The Nationalists boycotted him just as they boycotted our Parliament in the first instance. Then they complained when his decisions were not to their liking.

Reference is made to "partition" as if we were responsible for it. The partitioners were those who wanted to break away—and in fact have broken away from the United Kingdom. We bitterly opposed Home Rule, but at the urgent request of the British Government, we accepted the Parliament offered to us under the Act of 1920. How did the people in the South who clamoured for Home Rule treat that Act? They scorned it and treated it with absolute contempt, though it gave them a larger measure of Home Rule than they had ever been offered before. They then proceeded to carry out a violent agitation and the result was that an Anglo-Irish Treaty was entered into between the British Government and accredited representatives of Southern Ireland. This Treaty was signed in 1921 and recognised the principle of partition.

Under this Treaty a Boundary Commission was set up. But Ulster had nothing whatever to do with that Commission and declined to appoint a representative. The Free State appointed a representative. The Commission sat for about a year, took evidence from many witnesses and visited the Border Counties. When its report was ready for publication the representative of the Free State withdrew, because the report was not in accord with their expectations. They anticipated that large tracks of Northern Ireland would be transferred to the Free State. In this they were disappointed and consequently the report was never issued. An agreement was then entered into between the three Governments—the British Government, the Free State Government and the Ulster Government in December, 1925, whereby the area of Northern Ireland as fixed by the Act of 1920 was allowed to stand. This was a free acceptance of Partition by the Free State Parliament. Yet we are told that Partition never received the consent of Southern Ireland. Partition cannot now be abolished without the consent of the two Parliaments concerned.

Complaint is made about the Special Powers Act. No law-abiding citizen objects to this Act, for the simple reason that it only operates against those who are connected with disloyal organisations, and use violence as a means to achieve their political ends.

It is alleged that our Constabulary Force was recruited on sectarian grounds. What are the facts? When the Ulster Parliament was established we had to form a new Police Force in place of the old Royal Irish Constabulary. A Committee was set up to consider the whole matter and on that Committee there was no Government representative. The Committee brought in a report recommending that two-thirds of the places should be given to Protestants and one-third to Roman Catholics. The Roman Catholics by direction of their Party refused to join. They wanted to smash the Ulster Government instead of giving it their help. Now we have complaints that the Roman Catholics have not got their fair share of representation in the Police Force.

If Ulster is the bigoted place that your two correspondents allege, why do the Nationalists remain here? Some years ago when similar imaginary grievances were being broadcast, the members of the Nationalist Party in the House of Commons were asked by the Government to supply them with the names of those who were anxious to get out of Ulster and into the Free State. The Government offered to arrange for them an exchange of holdings with Protestants who desired to transfer from the Free State to Ulster; but up to the present not one name has been supplied, for the simple reason that not a Northern Nationalist wishes to transfer to the Free State or Eire.

Your space will not permit me to deal with the one-sided and misleading report of the self-styled Council of Civil Liberties, our educational system which is more generous to sectarian schools than the system in England, the alleged favouritism in Government appointments and other points raised by your correspondents.

A. WILSON HUNGERFORD

Unionist Headquarters,
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MUNICH AND THE BRITISH MUSEUM

SIR,—Once again an international crisis has been averted by the admirable self-restraint of the Czech national character. The scene of the incident was the British Museum. In a case containing a collection of Bronze Age relics from Central Europe is an exhibit unearthed, according to its label, at *Komorn* (*Hungary*). Komorn is, in fact, in Hungary. To be exact, it was ceded by Czechoslovakia a few weeks ago.

A visitor from Czechoslovakia, noticing this, could not help admiring the promptness of the Museum authorities in adjusting themselves to the changing map of Europe. But admiration turned to righteous indignation when he noticed two nearby exhibits labelled from *Pressburg* (*Hungary*) and from *Schemnitz* (*Hungary*). With a caustic comment that the British Museum out-Chamberlained Chamberlain, he explained that even in her most far-reaching demands Hungary had not laid claim to these two incontestably Czech-Slovak towns.

A moment's reflection convinced us that the Museum's cataloguers were not one move ahead of the map-makers of Europe, but two moves behind. The Hungary to which they referred was that of the Habsburg Empire.

The Museum, I suggest, must look to its labels. An indication that it may already be doing so is provided in the offending exhibition case itself by the presence of a small notice in red, "In Progress of Rearrangement," which would be reassuring if one knew for certain whether that notice itself was pre-war or post-Munich.

K.

Miscellany

TO A CHILD LISTENING

MARGARET, what are you listening to
With head bent and face intent?
Is the wind rustling something new,
As coming and going it swells and dies
In the pine-tree tops, now far now near,
Earnest, wild monotonies,
Tranquil mirth or whispered fear?

Or are you gazing and listening
Into some silence of your mind,
Where child-thoughts dream with unfurled wing,
Waiting like new-hatched butterflies
Till the warm sun quickens them to rise
Flaunting their gay hues on the wind?

Or is it some far voice you hear
Telling of happiness unknown,
Richer than ever dreams have shown,
Some call to the heart from friends more kind
Than any here, from a land more fair
Than this place of waiting and hope and care?

R. C. TREVELYAN

A MISTAKE

WHEN I have a day off, I always try to get out of town. The country air, they say, is very good for you. The air of pine forests, especially, is said to be wholesome for the lungs. So the doctors say. As for myself, I don't really know. I rather doubt it.

The trouble is that getting out of town is an awful business. There are generally too many people on the train. They push you about, sit on you without apologising, drop their baskets and parcels on your head. . . . And though the country air may do you good in the end, you're sure to catch some infection on the way there.

Last time I went to the country the train was chock-a-block with people long before we started. Then, at the last moment, on got a fellow, and an old woman with him. He was somewhat of a dandy, quite smartly dressed, and had a little moustache. The woman was just an ordinary old woman. She carried two large bundles and a huge wicker basket.

In fact, it was she who got in first, with her luggage. The fellow with moustache got in after her.

The old woman struggled on in front, and he followed her sort-of negligently, and ordered her about.

" Look out," he shouted. " Hold the basket straight! You'll spill everything on to the floor. Now push it under the seat. D'you hear me, you pigheaded fool? Don't put that bundle on the passengers' laps. . . . Put it on their heads for the time. Wait until I lift it up to the rack. Devil take you! Can't you understand what I'm saying? . . ."

Of course, the passengers began to feel that the fellow's behaviour wasn't right, that important regulations of the Labour Code were being broken. An old domestic worker was being maltreated by an unscrupulous employer.

Some began to show their disapproval, and to say out loud that the man ought to be pulled up and taught a lesson. How could he be allowed to treat a servant in this fashion, and order her to lift heavy bundles, and put them on the heads of the citizens without assistance? Such things are forbidden by the Labour Code.

The passengers who were sitting by the window grew more and more restive.

" This," they said, " is a downright exploitation of a superannuated individual. He has no right to shout at her and to order her about in a public place. It is humiliating to her proletarian dignity."

Suddenly, one of the passengers, a rather excitable fellow, got up and walked up to the man with the moustache. He grabbed him by the shoulder, and looked him straight in the face.

" Such actions cannot be tolerated," he said. " This is shameless enslavement of a free individual. We cannot have this in a Socialist State."

The fellow changed colour, and stepped back a little. Then he recovered somewhat, and began to argue.

" Excuse me," he said, " this has nothing to do with Socialism. I'm simply going to Leningrad with my mother. It is rather insulting of you to suggest that I'm breaking the Labour Code regulations."

Naturally, this reply caused general embarrassment. The passengers felt that they had no business to interfere with a man's private domestic affairs. They found themselves in a very awkward situation. They had been thinking that the old woman was the fellow's domestic servant, and she turned out to be merely his mother.

The excitable passenger was the only one who stuck up for himself.

" You ought to have declared this as soon as you got in," he said. " Otherwise, how the devil are we to know? She carries no label on her."

A little later, however, having got to his seat, he added: " I apologise, though. We didn't know she was your much-respected mother. We thought she was something different. In fact, we took her for a domestic worker. You must forgive us."

But the fellow with the moustache could not get over the insult until the end of the journey.

" An impossible state of affairs," he grumbled. " A man cannot go on a journey without being interfered with, even when his ticket is in order. I say, Mother, look out! Put your foot on that bundle so that it doesn't get pinched. As to the Labour Code regulations, perhaps I know them better than anyone here. Perhaps I am an old revolutionary, who'd been living in Leningrad since 1917 . . ."

The passengers sat still, and avoided looking at the man whom they had so seriously insulted. MICHAEL ZOSHCHENKO

(Translated by ELISAVETA FEN).

THE MOVIES

"Lenin in October," at the Film Society

"Free to Live," at the Regal

The new Film Society season promises well; among the films they expect to show are Pierre Colombier's *Ignace* (with Fernandel), Leni Riefenstahl's *Olympiad*, and the Soviet *Lone White Sail*. Last Sunday the season opened with an extremely interesting programme. First came one of the most painful films I have ever seen—a simple record of the bombing of Canton which cannot fail to arouse disgust for Japanese aggression wherever it is shown; then *News for the Navy*, a pleasant G.P.O. documentary directed by Norman McLaren.

The principal film was Mikhail Romm's *Lenin in October*, an absorbing account of those half-open, half-secret activities that immediately preceded the Bolshevik overthrow of the Provisional Government. This period has already been treated on the screen in Eisenstein's celebrated *October*; but where Eisenstein depicted with broad and superbly effective strokes the death of one society and the birth of another, Romm has concentrated his whole attention on the part played in that transformation by a single man. A great deal of the film's interest derives from the extraordinary impersonation of Lenin by B. V. Shchukin. The likeness of form and feature

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alone is formidable; here is precisely the man we know so well from photograph and description: "a short, stocky figure with a big head set down on his shoulders, bald and bulging. Little eyes, a snubbish nose, wide generous mouth and heavy chin." His manner, too, jerky, uningratiating, testy, with rare flashes of warmth, corresponds to the accounts of his intimates. As a study of the professional revolutionary in action this film would be hard to beat—though it is not without the inevitable flaws of totalitarian art. The opposition, whether old regime or Kerensky-ist, is not allowed to put in an effective appearance, so that the achievement of the Bolsheviks is diminished by a feeling that they were fighting creatures of straw. Enormous trouble, we are told, has been taken to get the details right, and one can well believe it; but the fact that Lenin's supporters do not seem a very interesting lot is scarcely surprising when we reflect that so many of them have since been liquidated and therefore must not be shown as heroic makers of the revolution. Thus Zinoviev and Kamenev are denounced by Lenin as reactionary traitors, regardless of the high offices to which he actually promoted them after the Revolution. As for Trotsky—who was after all President of the Petrograd Soviet—he is simply ignored. In the words of the Victorian ballad:

> Oh, no! We never mention him, his name is never heard;
> Our lips have quite forgot to frame that once familiar word.

Stalin is to be seen perpetually hovering in the background, like a head prefect prepared to back up the housemaster come what may. A certain unreality hangs over the whole group; and one scarcely credits the Bolshevik leader who exhorts his men thus in the Winter Palace: "Don't shoot in this room, comrades, these are all ancient works of art, use the butt-ends of your guns." But whatever doubts one may have about *Lenin in October* as a piece of impartial history, as a study of a powerful human personality at a time of crisis it is immense. And the significance of the shifting of emphasis from the divine mob to the heroic individual will not pass unobserved.

That it is an awful thing to have money has become one of Hollywood's *idées reçues*. Not, of course, because too much money in my pocket may mean too little in yours, but because the process of making it is so dull and soul-destroying. *Free to Live*, the latest demonstration of this thesis, introduces us to the very grand New York family of Seton. The Setons live the starchy, social life. Mother is no more; suffocated, we understand, by the splendour, she hangs over the fireplace in lifeless but expensive oils, the recipient of embarrassing confidences at moments of family crisis. Father rules this high-class roost: of his three children, Julia happily accepts the social conventions, Ned, broken by Wall Street, drowns his boredom in drink, and Linda (Katharine Hepburn) is the rebel. She spends most of her time in the playroom, which retains for her a special—and I am afraid rather Barrie-ish—significance; she is an ecstatic, high-spirited girl with a vast capacity for making scenes, and there she sits, surrounded by trapeze, musical box and toy giraffe, becoming Lefter and Lefter. To this household there enters Johnny Case (Cary Grant), who has met Julia on holiday and fallen in love without knowing of her wealth; as soon as he and Linda meet the issue of the film is a foregone conclusion. They are obviously made for one another; she a tomboy, he what one can only call a tomgirl, they express their contempt for Wall Street ethics by turning cartwheels together. As soon as he makes some money, Johnny decides to take a few years' holiday: "I wanna have a little time to figure out just where I stand—to get things kinda straightened out," he declares with a pious New Deal look on his face. At this announcement Father and Julia are shocked, Linda triumphant; and the way is clear towards the final line-up. *Free to Live*, which is directed by George Cukor, makes excellent entertainment, but it is a more than usually half-hearted specimen of Hollywood's new idealism. Capra and Cukor are no more capable than the business-men whom they ridicule of seeing business as a vital social activity. Their outlook is purely personal, the social implications of their themes being not so much shirked as ignored. When you've made enough to live on, they say, clear out; that is, spend the last forty or fifty years of your life as a *rentier* making fireworks or turning cartwheels. They never dare to present the true contrast: had Linda, for instance, been a homely, gauche girl, her victory over her socialite sister might have meant something; but, being Miss Hepburn, she is more radiantly expensive, exotic and attractive than anyone else for miles around.

PETER GALWAY

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Man and Superman," at the Old Vic

The Old Vic has followed up the modern clothes *Hamlet* with a modern clothes *Man and Superman*, which is not such a good idea. It is thirty-five years since Ann Whitefield first vamped John Tanner, and though they are remarkably well preserved, period clothes would have been kinder to their wrinkles. A war and Dr. Freud have intervened, to say nothing of Mr. Shaw himself: social conventions have changed, and the missionary playwright has survived to see his paradoxes become platitudes. The men date much more than the women: Tavy as a junior Auden becomes grotesque (and we are supposed to take him seriously as a poet); Henry Tanner is hardly less Ninetyish, for chauffeurs have disappointingly proved indistinguishable from butlers. Tanner's cynicism now seems very gentle—besides, he talks too much. Ann, on the other hand, and her mother and Violet are wonderfully fresh. The spectacle of women making advances has become commonplace—Potiphar's Wife is as usual as Don Juan. Where we were flabbergasted, we now recognise, but we still are amused. The chief fault of the play is not that its message dates—we can swallow even the "Life Force" as a touch of Early Edwardian decoration—it is the entire absence of tenderness. The characters are steel or papier-mâché, never flesh. Though there is a lot of talk of sex, nobody appears capable of warmth, except perhaps Roebuck Ramsden. (If Ann wanted a child, did she not choose the wrong guardian?) But make no mistake, the play is still enormously enjoyable. Mr. Shaw has never been wittier, and we listen with continuous gratitude. Mr. Lewis Casson's production is excellent, except for occasional slowness. Miss Valerie Tudor is brilliantly demure as Ann—a most intelligent performance, Mr. Anthony Quayle makes a very effective Tanner, though we cannot feel that his "moral passion" is profound; Miss Ellen Compton, Miss Hermione Hannen and Mr. Andrew Cruikshank are specially good, in a well-chosen cast. Altogether a thoughtful and lively performance of a classic.

"The Heart Was Not Burned," at the Gate

Flimsy whimsy about Byron, Shelley and Keats. To an old apothecary of Edmonton, from whom—for reasons that do not appear—he has decided to purloin the Elixir of Life, Death grants an unexpected and (one cannot help thinking) somewhat pointless favour. Next morning (Death announces) the first three customers who enter the shop shall have the benefit of an extra term of existence. The three beneficiaries, as it most remarkably happens, are John Keats, the apothecary's apprentice, who arrives to open the shop and dust down the gallipots; Shelley, who comes in search of a sleeping draught; Lord Byron, boisterous and extremely vulgar, who noisily demands a dose of Epsom salt. So much for the Prologue. Act I opens fourteen years later (when each of the three has narrowly escaped his predestined end) with Keats and Fanny Brawne, now Mrs. Keats, dropping in on the Shelleys at their Italian seaside villa. Shelley proposes a moonlight sail and, in company with his two guests, is immediately swept across the Adriatic and shipwrecked on the seaboard of a mysterious and little-known Albanian principality ruled over by Lord Byron. Here one might hope for satire or farce or comedy. All kinds of expectations dawn, to be at once disappointed; for the dialogue promptly declines into political commonplace, Shelley vaguely championing Left-wing principles, Keats standing up for pre-War Liberalism, Byron supporting the idea of dictatorship. Diversions are provided by the entrances of a faithless slave-girl, whom Byron orders drowned in the Turkish fashion, and a treacherous servitor whom he commands his valet to shoot at dawn. Presently he seduces Mrs. Keats herself; and Keats (informed by Shelley) proves properly disconsolate. However, he soon lapses into poetic abstraction and cures his heartache by reciting the *Ode to a Nightingale*. Follows (Act III, Scene II) a touching dialogue between Keats and Fanny, the latter explaining that, although she realises that he is an uncommonly good poet, she is obliged to admit that great poets make unusually poor lovers, and a surprise attack by the Turks, which results in the death—off-stage—of the three principal poetic personages. Fanny remains to delight us as the Pasha's slave, lolling languorously at his footstool, nibbling sweetmeats and reading aloud to him at his request from the works of her friends. As the *Ode to the Nightingale* is being recited—not very musically, and for the second time in the evening—the curtain comes sweeping down and the drama concludes. . . . Difficult to say what Mr. James Laver really intended, but, whatever his original intentions, they have somehow miscarried, and the cast, though they do their best, seem puzzled and hesitant—Keats is prosy, Shelley pompous and devoid of charm: only Byron (Mr. James Mason) has a certain elegance—a brilliant actor always, he is helped out by a magnificent Albanian costume. None of them expresses an opinion, or produces an image, that would seem out of place in the mouth of a head boy at a school debating society.

The London Group at the New Burlington Galleries

This year the London Group is very much like its recent predecessors. It consists of a few quite good pictures, many moderate ones and a few shamefully bad ones. Except for William Roberts' *Lambeth Walk*, which is about the best picture in the Exhibition, and H. S. Williamson's *Farewell at Sunset*, the better pictures are nearly all landscapes. When will artists who are not gifted with outstanding talent learn to confine their ambitions to what they can do? Many great artists like Ingres and Cézanne, have been led away by dreams of producing large figure compositions which were outside their powers, and have failed. When artists without their great gifts do the same thing, the result is appalling. Norman Dawson's *Before the Atlantic State* is the outstanding example of several such cases in this Exhibition. It is awful, but not in the way he meant it to be. He has tried to produce what Picasso did produce in his *Guernica* and has succeeded in producing something vaguely resembling one of Gustave Doré's illustrations to Don Quixote without being nearly as effective. The bloodstained

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wire on the frame only increases the impression that the artist is struggling, by fair means or foul, to produce an effect which is quite beyond his powers. The efforts of Ceri Richards are equally pretentious and empty. On the other hand, Roberts' *Lambeth Walk* is a finely conceived and perfectly realised study of moving figures. The dancers themselves and the colours are highly formalised and yet the movement and gaiety of the interlacing forms are brilliantly expressed. The sculpture is not remarkable, the best piece being Gertrude Hermes' *Chrysalis*, a delightful carving in wood which relies practically entirely on the surface texture and the natural form of the wood for its effect. The best of the other pictures are R. O. Dunlop's *Sunbury on Thames*, Rhoda Dawson's *Parochial Procession*, H. E. du Plessis' *Band Stand*, full of charming gaiety and lightness of colour, R. V. Pitchforth's *Steady Downpour*, *Tollesbury Creek*, S. de Karlowska's *From My Window*, Claude Roger's *Self Portrait*, and works by Ivor Hitchens, Rodrigo Moynihan and Roger Pettiward. Vera Cunningham and Elinor Bellingham-Smith show charming watercolours and drawings. William Coldstream's *Bolton* is the outstanding landscape. The atmosphere of smoky mist over a big manufacturing town is perfectly represented. It is Impressionist in the sense that Courbet and Whistler were impressionists, and by its complete lack of exaggeration and bombast, is far better propaganda against conditions in the world to-day than Norman Dawson's picture.

Impressionists at Rosenberg and Helft's

Twenty-two pictures by Monet, Pissarro, Renoir and Sisley, make a magnificent show. Monet's lovely picture *Route de Vétheuil* is as full of form and substance as any landscape painted before Cézanne. The wonderful way in which the line of poplar trees on the left of the picture stretches back to meet the curve of the cliff from the right is a masterly example of really great painting, and the lovely contrast of light and shade on the road only serves to emphasise the solidity of the whole conception. The *Seine à Bougival* is one of the finest Sisleys ever exhibited. It is an early work painted in 1872, and it has a quality and a sense of distance that Corot could not have bettered. The subtlety in the difference of tone between the grass bank and the trees on the right is perfection. There is an outstanding Renoir in the Exhibition, the *Deux Jeunes Filles*, painted in 1890, and a delightful Pissarro *Route de Versailles à Louveciennes* painted in 1870 as well as two other very interesting Monets, a lovely picture of Vernon, painted in 1883, and a curious picture of his child done in 1869, which might have come from the hand of Monet.

The delicacy of Impressionist painting in its best examples makes minor Post-Impressionist pictures seem very slapdash and journalistic. Pissarro and Sisley were not Titans, but they never overbid themselves, or inflated their personality. By discretion they became Masters.

Small Pictures of To-day at Agnew's

Some weeks ago the critic of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION raised a modest pæan in honour of contemporary British painting: this exhibition at Agnew's bears him out. Here is our grand old man, Sickert, well represented by three pictures of which the best is *St. Jacques*; here are two particularly good things by Duncan Grant; here Vanessa Bell, Du Plessis and Morland Lewis, with *Quayside*, are all seen to advantage. Rightly the organisers have been at pains to give a seeing to the Euston Road group, "the hope of British painting," as some call it: the compliment is not belied by what is shown. Pasmore's *Nude* is a minor masterpiece, and his sketch for the *Flower Barrow* delicious. Rogers, too, comes out extremely well with *Suspension Bridge*; and one is glad to be assured that Graham Bell's fiasco at the Storran Gallery was a mere lapse: his little picture of a boat is one of the best things in the show. His namesake (though not his kinsman), Quentin Bell, is another who improves his reputation; in all three of his pictures there is an understanding of form and a solidity of matter which provoke that gratifying sense of having to do with a genuine painter. Only Coldstream disappoints with a sketch that is almost too feeble to be presentable. Lastly, a newcomer, Roland Short, makes a very favourable impression. This is an exhibition for amateurs of taste, and particularly for those with a taste for bargains.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, November 26th—
- George F. Green: "Civil Liberty To-day," New Common Room, University Building, 7.30.

SUNDAY, November 27th—
- W. B. Curry: "Bertrand Russell on 'Power,'" Conway Hall, 11.
- London Philharmonic Orchestra Concert, Covent Garden Opera House, 3.15.
- Protest Meeting against Nazi Brutality, Golders Green Hippodrome, 3.30.
- Dora Russell: "What Do We Mean by Liberty?" 153 Finchley Road, 6.15.
- Playwrights' Club presents "The Love of Ming-Y," Phoenix Theatre, 8.15. In aid of International Peace Hospital in China.

MONDAY, November 28th—
- Opening of Spain Shop, 71 Shaftesbury Avenue. Profits for Spanish Medical Aid. Open till December 24th.
- Matinée of Ballet, Cambridge Theatre.
- Recital of English Songs by Geoffrey Dunn with the Griller String Quartet, Wigmore Hall, 5.30.
- Discussion: "Propaganda in the Socialist Movement," 39 Doughty Street, 8.30.

TUESDAY, November 29th—
- Cecil Wilson: "The Work of the Pacifist Conventions," Friends House, 1.20.
- Dr. J. H. Clapham: "Charles Lewis, Elector Palatine, 1617-1680," Senate House, Malet Street, 5.30.
- Anthony Eden: "The Crisis and After," Queens Hall, 8.
- Antony Tudor: "The Ballet," Morley College, 8.

WEDNESDAY, November 30th—
- Herbert Read: "The Life and Death of Art," Conway Hall, 8.
- Dance in aid of the Cecile Booysen Clinic, New Burlington Galleries, 9. Tickets 5s.
- "The Story of an African Farm," New.

THURSDAY, December 1st—
- The Countess of Limerick: "Our Past—and Our Future," Caxton Hall, 5.
- Conference on behalf of Women's Peace Crusade, London School of Economics. Tickets, 2s., from 55 Gower St., W.C.1 only.
- Royal Philharmonic Society Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
- "Twelfth Night," Phoenix.

FRIDAY, December 2nd—
- London Conference for Collective Peace Action, Beaver Hall, Garlic Hill, E.C.4, 7.30. And on December 3rd, 2.30. Speakers include Eleanor Rathbone, Lieut.-Cdr. E. P. Young, Prof. J. B. S. Haldane.

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THERE are many books of "Famous Characters," which can mostly be divided into two classes: those dealing with Great Men and those dealing with Eccentrics, the first ranking as edifying, the second as entertaining literature. A volume dealing with the Eccentrics is eagerly picked up, but after a few anecdotes from it have been read aloud, it is usually found to be a disappointment. That old gentleman who attended Doncaster Race Meeting regularly for forty years dressed in the skins of small birds—and all similar aspirants to fame—become such bores in the long run. What is the value of the White Knight without his philosophy? Eccentricity turns out not to be entertaining in itself but only the seasoning which makes us relish the failings of those we love or respect. Divorced from a powerful intellect, or character, from figures such as the Duke of Wellington, or Doctor Johnson, eccentricity is as unpalatable as the capers without the boiled leg of mutton. In *English Folk* (Cape, *12s. 6d.*) Professor Notestein, who is Professor of English History at Yale, has compiled a book of Characters avoiding the Great on the one hand, and the Eccentrics on the other. Two of his thirteen may, perhaps, rank as great since they did important work and influenced others: Coke of Norfolk and Thomas Bewick the wood engraver. In two cases—George Sturt's Surrey labourer Bettesworth and Parson Woodforde—he has taken his principal characters from well-known records. Others like Thomas Lowe, who fought for the Parliament in the Civil War, are only to be met with in extremely out-of-the-way publications. These essays were perhaps originally written as a series of lectures to throw light on English social life and history. They form an interesting, but not at all valuable, book, which would have been more uniform if less well known figures had been substituted for Woodforde and Bettesworth. The suggestion that this collection of characters, chosen almost at random, is in some way specially illuminating as regards the English character is absurd; they are all, however, pleasant to know for their own sakes.

* * *

Professor Notestein arranges his characters in order of date, working backwards from just after the war (Lady Frederick Cavendish, who died in 1925) to Elizabethan times. This is perhaps a mistake. The English reader is bound to smile occasionally at American comments on what is familiar to him, and most of the smiles come at the beginning of the book. Moreover, a slightly odd effect is produced by Professor Notestein's preference for the past tense, which makes one feel as though he was writing about a vanished race, or an extinct civilisation:

> In many places it was the custom that gentle families called on one another.

This is written of the time of Queen Anne, but the custom, dating from medieval times, still persists, and I have met with it in the United States. The same strange effect is produced by treating a jobbing labourer like Bettesworth as though he were a museum piece, who lived in vanished conditions. There are thousands of hedgers, rat-catchers, horsemen and labourers who lead very nearly as hard lives to-day as Bettesworth and his wife did. The old-age pension and the panel doctor are the only great changes:

> I've knowed my wife since we bin married, come 'ome with daglets of ice's big's yer thumb hangin' from her skirts. That was trimmin' swedes, with men goin' in front of her to sweep the snow away from 'em. Well, somebody got to do it; if they didn't the sheep'd starve.

Somebody has still got to do it, and all who work in the fields when there is a freezing fog, at pulling swedes, or picking brussels, will have "daglets of ice" hanging from their sacking aprons. Sometimes, however, after one has smiled, one realises that times have changed almost without one noticing it:

> The country gentleman did not ignore his obligations to his tenants and labourers. He made allowance for them in hard times, his wife ministered to them in illness. That was old custom in the seventeenth century and it was still the custom among old-fashioned families, such as the Lytteltons, in the mid-nineteenth century.

In my childhood ladies were always running round to labourers' cottages with soup, and visiting where there were cases of illness, and giving blankets and coals. No doubt when there are warm feelings between the farmer, or landowner, and his labourers, such visits and help still go on. But it has died out because with the old-age pension, the panel doctor and the minimum wage, such relief is no longer absolutely necessary. The ladies, whose soup was not always appreciated, run the Women's Institute, or the Girl Guides instead.

* * *

The most striking figures in *English Folk* are the earlier ones whom one hasn't heard of. There is Thomas Tyldesley, a Catholic gentleman of Lancashire, who lived at Fox Hall, on the site of Blackpool, and spent much of his time hunting fox, deer and otter. When they killed an otter he records in his diary:

> We were a great many good company . . . and all the neighbourhood, and we eat the whole otter. We drank the house dry.

I have never heard of anyone eating otter before. Tyldesley and his friends always appear to have eaten their venison, or part of it, directly it was killed. There is a delightful Derbyshire tailor who fought in the Civil Wars, first for the King and then for Cromwell, and who seems to have turned his hand to every trade and to have written bad verses on most subjects. He wooed Frances Smyth, a girl who may have taken up work on the land owing to the number of men in the army:

> She doth know how to drive the plough
> Though she in rich array be found.
> Oh! she's a neat one and complete one
> As ever trod on England's ground.

I suspect that either her ploughing or her attire was poetic licence. Another character is the genteel Alice Thornton, the daughter of a Lord Deputy of Ireland, who was forced, owing to the Civil War, to marry beneath her, a spendthrift husband:

> However much he might fail in other respects, in the matter of begetting a family Mr. Thornton was beyond reproach.

The large families of the past provide Professor Notestein with a subject for many characteristically dry remarks:

> Her father boasted that it would be difficult to find a man a few weeks under forty with twelve children and not a noticeable grey hair. It was seldom the men who grew old from having children.

This dryness crops up frequently:

> It has been said that the Lyttelton home was the centre of intellectual life in Worcestershire. This may very well have been true, and yet Lord Lyttelton was hardly more than a dabbler in matters of the mind.

* * *

One of Professor Notestein's finds is the diary of Roger Lowe, a Lancashire shopkeeper's apprentice in the reign of Charles II. He was extremely sociable, had business dealings with all his neighbours and a great many flirtations, descriptions of which alternate with religious moralisings. He gives an extremely vivid picture of a class which had scarcely begun to express itself. The diary is to be published in full shortly. An earlier figure, of a higher class, is Nicholas Assheton of Ribblesdale, who flourished in the last years of Elizabeth. Like Tyldesley a century later, he seems to have done very little work, except helping with the haymaking, but to have spent almost all his time hunting, fishing and drinking when the weather was bad. From these happy pursuits he was called away to a case of private warfare in Wensleydale, where his wife's aunt, Mrs. Robinson, was being besieged by Sir Thomas Metcalfe and sixty armed men, in the absence of her husband. Assheton's attempts at a peaceable settlement were a failure, and he was driven off with threats: "Nay if they come all Lancashire, we are for them." Young Robinson, however, held the house apparently for about a week and shot one of the besiegers dead. So apparently English country life has changed after all.

DAVID GARNETT

THE LETTERS OF GEORGE IV

The Letters of King George IV: 1812-1830. Edited by A. ASPINALL. 3 Vols. *Cambridge University Press.* 75s.

In February, 1812, after more than half a century, the reign of George III virtually reached its term. There was no hope for his recovery, and his son was sovereign in all but name. A new reign in a new age: but it started with the old expectation of a consequent change of Government. Once more the Opposition was to be disappointed: the Regent did not mean to dismiss the War Ministry. The letter announcing this decision opens with a statement of his constitutional position:

> Altho I consider myself as under no obligation to explain to any persons the reasons which may, at any time, induce me to arrange, as I think best, for the public service, the administration of the Government . . .

And it was necessarily in terms of the Regent's right freely to choose his Ministers that Whigs, who had expected office from his favour, formulated their reproaches:

> As the restrictions upon the exercise of the Royal authority by your Royal Highness have now ceased, from which you are enabled to form such an Administration as you conceive the best calculated for conducting the affairs of the Empire . . .

For the last one hundred years every group or party had "upheld" the "independency of the Crown," when exercised in their favour; and denounced similar expectations in others as "attempts to storm the Closet." "I am convinced," wrote in 1812 the Duke of Northumberland, "that H.R.H.'s . . . decisive character will frustrate every attempt which arrogance, ambition, or folly may make to take him prisoner and bind him in fetters." In March, 1827, Lushington, Secretary to the Treasury, when urging that Canning, rather than Wellington, should replace Liverpool at the head of the Government, wrote: "The Crown has an unqualified choice, and the present posture of our affairs . . . illustrates the wisdom of our forefathers, in leaving the appointment absolutely to the King"; while Canning inveighed against aristocratic "confederacies" and declaimed about "the real vigour of the Crown when it chooses to put forth its own strength."

The language and forms of politics had changed little since 1760. Only the "extinction of parties," prayed for on every accession since parties had come to exist, no longer figures in the 1812 edition of the catalogue of cant: its place is taken by wishes for a "union of parties." These were now acknowledged as a basic element in British public life, and the real transition from Royal to Parliamentary Government was preparing in the minds of men and in the technique of politics. For it is the mechanism of coherent and disciplined parties which has gradually deprived the Crown of that power to choose its Ministers which in 1812 and 1760, no less than in 1714 and 1727, was ascribed to it by theory and conceded by practice (with restrictions inherent in all practice).

An observer, revisiting England after fifty years in 1812, would probably have been struck most by the growth of effective routine in Government, of maturity and skill, a sureness of touch which people still lacked in his day; and now it was needed, for there was so much more to do. Everything had grown in size: the population, the wars, the taxes, the Debt; Parliamentary sittings were longer, though (Burke and Fox being dead) perhaps not Parliamentary speeches. The Effective Cabinet had reached a normal size of 14, about double that of, say, 1765. They still wrote Minutes to the Sovereign and described themselves as his "confidential servants," though he called them already his "Cabinet." Within that body there was a growing cohesion, and the consciousness of being the King's "responsible advisers," without whom he could not, and must not, act; George IV's character added poignancy to this conviction and to the manner in which it was occasionally expressed. The moral tone of the Government and nation had risen since 1760, that of the King and his family was lower in 1820.

Over a good deal of this correspondence lies the stale reek of reckless and even sordid transactions condensed into debts and blackmail. The Regent continues overspending while Ministers exhort him that "most of the landed gentlemen of the country are obliged to submit to losses and privations as well as to retrenchment" (March 1816). The Duke of York goes on with his "unprincipled foolery," and George IV, when paying £50,000 of his debts, writes to him on December 3rd, 1823: ". . . had I myself continued on the turf &c., it might have been difficult, without great inconvenience to the country, for me to have fulfilled the high duties of my present station." Other brothers, too, have debts, claims, or grievances. The Regent's daughter, Princess Charlotte, at the age of 18, owes "no less a sum to different jewellers and dressmakers than £20,000 and upwards"; and letters and presents of hers have to be extracted from the hands of a shady (illegitimate) cousin. The Duke of Cumberland complains that in England "every blackguard newspaper can at once ruin the character of a man"; but when he quarrels with his old mother, he swears "by the Lord, HER letters shall be made public" (about which letters nothing was unseemly except their publication). The King is blackmailed by ex-mistresses, *quondam* friends, creditors, journalists, etc. And when his secretary leaves his service, ample provision is made for him in a prophylactic way, but he is pressed to accept a colonial or a diplomatic post, Ceylon or Sweden. At times George IV seems, to use his own words, "almost distracted" by anxieties Knighton writes to him on February 12th, 1822:

> I trust that the Almighty will give you peace, and that your afflicted mind will cease to be tortured by the overwhelming inquietudes which have of late made such painful inroads on your health . . .
>
> Do not let your mind, Sir, be tied down by fetters of apprehension; anticipate, I beseech you, no ill, for I will not believe that any is to happen us.

And George IV writes to Knighton about his worries on December 30th, 1827 (most of it underlined):

> . . . to you, and to you alone, dear friend, it is that I can and that I do look therefore for my relief, as it is you and you alone who can and who I am sure will (from your real affection and attachment to me) entirely put an end to them, and by your powerful exertions and means, crush and put the extinguisher upon that host of vipers and hornets, which seems in particular at this moment, to have congregated itself together and purposely, to sting me personally . . .

This is a mere fraction of a sentence, and a fair sample of his style; for sentences of 100-300 words, of the most drivelling kind, abound in his familiar, and especially in his jocular, letters.

Fortunately George IV's letters to his Ministers are mostly in a different style, having obviously been drafted by his secretaries; how far their ideas were the King's own, it is of course impossible to tell, though some sensible and some silly remarks clearly bear his imprint. But the King's magnificent Memorandum, written on the formation of the Goderich Ministry, is in Knighton's hand and is such as, in any age, a Royal secretary or official would delight to write to noble lords:

> The office [of Chancellor of the Exchequer] requires ability and not aristocracy . . .
>
> The King will have those that are proper for their business and if there be room after this—the Cabinet may if they please look out for ornaments.

Of the letters from the Ministers, those of Liverpool are precise and formal; Canning's brilliant, incisive, at times even boisterous —for instance, that about a peerage to be granted with remainder to the second son, a proposal which at first had appeared "strong" to him:

> . . . but . . . as the eldest son is represented to be an idiot, and as it appears to Mr. Canning (after some recent exhibitions in the House of Lords) peculiarly desirable to avoid encreasing, among their Lordships, the number of specimens of irregular understanding, in another generation . . .

The relation of George IV to Canning and Canning's letters to him suggest a curious human side in the King's nature; or otherwise Canning would hardly have made, as he often did, an unusual addition to the ordinary form of address: "Mr. Canning presents his humble and affectionate duty to your Majesty . . ." Good deeds performed by George IV are on record in this correspondence, which covers 18 years; but even in these the sincerity or depth of his feelings does not always appear in a convincing manner. Sometimes it is compassion for fellow-sufferers and fellow-sinners: "I am quite aware of the trifling objection to some of the fooleries of his past life, but who is exempt from some nonsense or other?"

The work of selecting and editing these letters has been done by Mr. Aspinall in a truly exemplary manner, with a wide and thorough knowledge of the printed materials and unpublished manuscripts of the period; kept, however, under strict control and nowhere displayed for mere show. The footnotes, while fully sufficient, are not overloaded; and taken together would make the shortest, most authoritative, and, at bottom, the most interesting book so far written on George IV. Professor Webster contributes an introduction which serious students should reread after having finished the three volumes; for only then will they be able fully to appreciate its value. But as a man of 1760, visiting the England

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of 1820, I shake my head when I find that Professor Webster apparently thinks the description of "my family" for the Royal Household an expression peculiar to George IV: it was the regular name given in the eighteenth century to the Households of Kings and Princes and was not yet forgotten in 1820; it is used at least eight times in these volumes by various people, including Liverpool and Wellington.

L. B. NAMIER

FACING BOTH WAYS

All in a Maze. A Collection of Prose and Verse chronologically arranged by DANIEL GEORGE, with some assistance from ROSE MACAULAY. *Collins.* 6s.

Mr. Daniel George is one of those authors who write little, but when they write make a sharp impression. I seem to know him well: actually I find I have read only one book by him (has he written others?), a mocking reverie in verse called *To-morrow Will be Different*. Like most products of a usefully idle pen, this was extremely personal and odd—something, shall we say, between Eliot in Prufrock mood and *The Journal of a Disappointed Man*. It reflected the incidents of a single day (getting up in the morning, going for a stroll, taking tea with friends) and the reading of years. The more commonplace the incident, the deeper the author would dig in his memory for literary treasure. Sometimes he brought up sayings as sharp and ironic as his mood; sometimes he played off in parody the contrasts between literature and life, between "the human face divine" and what the shaving mirror gives back. His aim was not to write well but to write personally, and as a *journal intime* in verse his book hit something fresh. Its individuality extended even to the quotations, most of which, one might say, had managed to catch Mr. George's style. So selective a talent obviously has difficulty in finding employment; it is at once too formed, too sketchy, too shy of the ready-made. *To-morrow Will be Different* was not followed up; instead—luckily, as it happens—Mr. George turned his gift to anthology-making. His two anthologies, *An Anatomy of Woe* and *A Peck of Troubles*, entertained a wide public, while allowing their author to be as elusive and idiosyncratic as he pleased. This time he was encouraged to "do it again"; and *All in a Maze*, to which Miss Rose Macaulay has contributed an introduction and some assistance, repeats the success of the other two. It differs from them only in keeping to a theme: human attitudes to peace and war.

Six months ago even, that theme might not have seemed to us more a significant focus than if Mr. George had chosen love, say, or religion to display the variety of human nature. Probably he began collecting his pieces with detachment, as we should be reading them now but for the turn of events. The crisis brings his book, a record of the utterances of twenty-four centuries, into the stop-press. All the opinions that have been flying round us and colliding in our heads during the last few weeks are seen here with historical trappings; Pericles seems to speak with the voice of a politician on Armistice Day, there were conscientious objectors in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in all ages we meet the war profiteer, the smug killer, the enlightened and protesting outsider. War has changed, but the attitudes towards war, with very few exceptions, have not. *All in a Maze* (good title) finds what is at the moment our strongest link with the past.

Here are some parallels of contemporary attitudes which will force themselves on readers. Whose voice is this?

> This country has always been desirous of peace. We desire it still, but such as may be real and solid, and consistent with the interests and dignity of Britain, and with the general security of Europe. War, whenever it comes, will be preferable to peace without honour, without security, and which is incompatible with the external safety or the internal happiness of this country.

Mr. Churchill in the House of Commons last week? No, it happens to be William Pitt addressing the House at the time of the execution of Louis XVI. The following sentences were spoken, not in 1918, as you might have thought, but in 1800 by Sheridan:

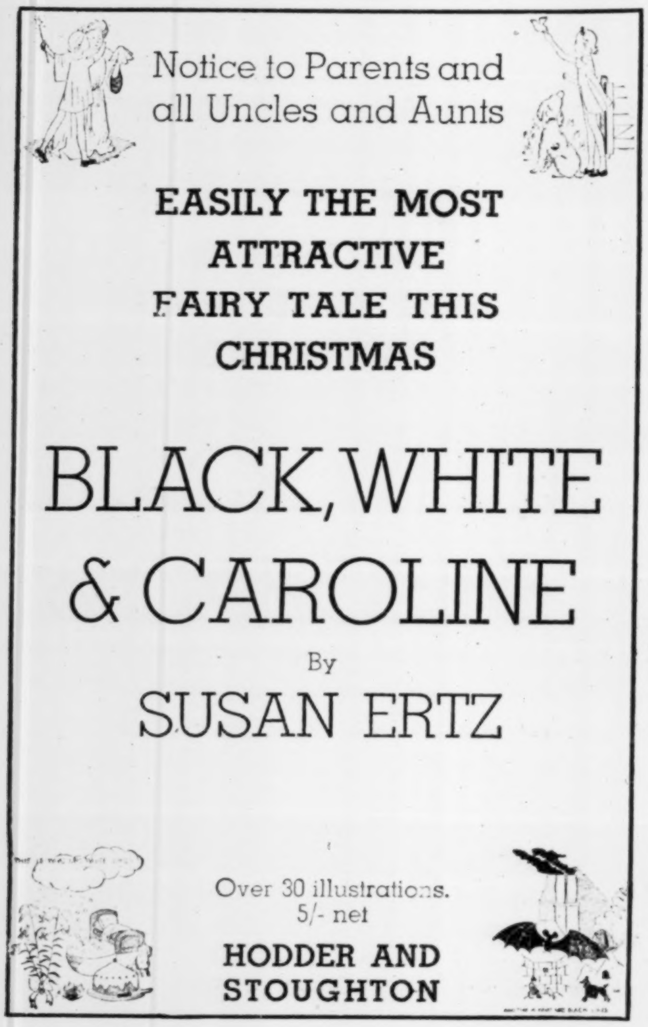
> If we seek for peace, it must be done in the spirit of peace. We are not to make it a question who was the first aggressor, or endeavour to throw the blame that may attach to us or our enemy. Such circumstances should be consigned to oblivion, as tending to no one useful purpose.

Adam Smith argued that with the invention of gunpowder and modern weapons, wealthy States would be able to conquer barbarians and civilisation would spread; Mussolini repeated this argument over Abyssinia. Calvin, though opposed to warfare in general, found assurance that the Holy Ghost approved of defensive wars. Josiah Tucker (1774) denounced the "traders in blood," as did the *News Chronicle* a year ago. There were even predecessors to Sir Norman Angell who proved that war did not pay: John Law, in 1714, asserted that it cost 20,000 francs to kill a German soldier and that it would be cheaper for France to buy off the whole German army; earlier still, in 1604, Sir Robert Bruce Cotton had written a book, *Wars with Foreign Princes*, showing the financial losses of our wars from the time of Henry I to Elizabeth. Mr. Daniel George has delightedly written as a cross-head over the last, "The Great Illusion."

Opinions, for and against war, seem to have been much the same in any century; and the most depressing thing about *All in a Maze* is that we seem at times to be reading not about particular alarums of wars but about one unending war, interrupted by outbreaks of peace. War is obviously a permanent condition of the mind in many intelligent persons—and not only in the Machiavellis and Napoleons, but in such well-meaning dreamers as Ruskin, De Quincey and Tennyson. If there is any progress to be seen in modern attitudes to war it is that the destroyers all tend to collect under one banner, and that the dreamers have lost most of their illusions. Yet, with the common man who is not a destroyer, illusions still persist in an extraordinary way. Sir Arthur Keith is quoted here as repeating the old figure of war as the pruning-fork which keeps our orchard in trim: what would he say to the pruner who hacked off his best branches and infected the rest with poison?

Now and then, in the sayings of men of genius who do not hold shares in war, one detects the dilemma we all—or nearly all—feel. Only the brute or the destroying mystic is in favour of war in itself. The ordinary civilian may be in favour of a particular war. On the common attitude towards war, I found that these half-dozen sayings, among others, expressed humble and conflicting truths:

> . . . the confusion that has obsessed those who glorify war by speaking as if its essence were self-sacrifice and dying, instead of sacrificing others and killing.—Miss Rose Macaulay in her introduction.



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Every man thinks meanly of himself for not having been a soldier.—Dr. Johnson (who detested war).

Can one nowadays see a soldier without a slight feeling—the slightest possible—of the ridiculous ?—Emerson.

So little yet does man regard the interests of man. Confined to his clod of earth, like the insect to its leaf, he does not perceive that every war on the face of the globe is, in fact, a civil war.—Richter.

If a man drinks, and I tell him that he can himself stop drinking and must do so, there is some hope that he will pay attention to me; but if I tell him that his drunkenness forms a difficult and complex problem, which we, the learned, will try to solve in our meetings, all the probabilities are that he, waiting for the solution of the problem, will continue to drink. The same is true of the false and intricate, external means for the cessation of war.—Tolstoy.

Foreign nations are not yet considered as objects susceptible of an injury.—Jeremy Bentham.

In the matter of war, we are still most of us agnostic, believing finally neither one thing nor the other (" in *certain circumstances* we will fight "); facing, in fact, both ways. And so long as we continue to face both ways we shall have wars, all of them justifiable, and we shall be torn by the emotions of which Mr. Daniel George gives us a panorama.

All in a Maze has its grotesque and comic side of which I have said little. If this book had appeared at any other time in the last fifteen years its entertainment value would have come first, for it has a good sprinkling of idiocies, not all of which are horrifying. The crisis has added a postscript and cast a dread backwards. When we should prefer to be amused we find ourselves (despite Mr. George's ingenuity) weighing one opinion against another, and despairing of a solution.

G. W. STONIER

A PAINTER OF THE NINETIES

Life and Death of Conder. By JOHN ROTHENSTEIN. *Dent.* 18*s.*

This is a sensible book on an agreeable theme. The life of Conder was worth writing, partly because, though a feeble artist, an artist he was; partly because his vogue, which, as the author shows, was created by intelligent and sensitive people who liked his work for good reasons, needed explanation to a new generation; and partly because he was a figure in a set and setting about which it is always amusing to hear more. Mr. John Rothenstein is well placed for the job of recorder, seeing that his father, himself a small figure in the set, was probably Conder's closest friend. Indeed, correspondence between Conder and Sir William Rothenstein and information supplied by Sir William Rothenstein are the solid foundations of this thorough piece of work.

Conder was an extraordinarily uneven painter, a fact not likely to surprise anyone who remembers that he had never been so much as grounded in his mystery, that—particularly towards the end of his working life—he produced recklessly to meet the demands of a rising market, and that as often as not he was drunk. The noblest act of piety his executors could have performed would have been to destroy nine-tenths of what was left in his studio. As it is there are people who have seen enough, as they not unreasonably suppose, of Conder's pictures to form a judgment, and have never seen a good one. At his best Conder had a delightful way of tossing pretty colours about and arranging them tastefully—a milliner's touch and something more. The something more was a limited but genuine poetic fancy which on happy occasions he contrived to materialise in silk and water-colour, and on a few rare occasions in oils on canvas. He was essentially a man of the naughty 'nineties, doubtless he was called a decadent, and his genuine talent suited the genuine taste of the day. The reason why later generations cannot much admire his work is not, I think, as Mr. Rothenstein suggests, that it expresses dreams of " privileged idleness," but that Conder's drawing was feeble to the verge of non-existence. What is worse, when he tried to give forms some sort of definition often he became downright vulgar. Look at the two ladies in *The Gondoliers*.

Mr. John Rothenstein tells his story feelingly and well. He is neither shocked by Conder's way of life—wenching, boozing and squabbling—nor does he take it for a sign of genius. He is not a very good writer, as this sentence shows: " How keenly this man suffered, whose self-reproaches for wasted time and talent used to whip into a creative passion, blind, almost perverse, from the curtailment of his few remaining hours of work, can be seen in the letter following ": but generally he is adequate and clear. His knowledge is considerable and he is at no pains to conceal it; wherefore one is glad to catch him in a slip on page 120: *The Three Musicians* is not Beardsley's " solitary poem." Also, he is perhaps a thought provincial, one of those Englishmen who mistake Jacques-Emile Blanche for France; but that, he may argue, was forced on him by his subject, for Conder's is a provincial glory, which, seen against the European background, would vanish. Be that as it may, those who care for that agreeable patch in time which is Anglo-American Paris in the 'nineties and artistic London in the reign of Edward VII will read this book with pleasure.

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THE FUTURE OF SOCIETY

Civilisation: The Next Step. By C. DELISLE BURNS. *Nicholson and Watson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Mankind periodically discover that they are making a bad job of living together. Books on Civilisation are the natural result. In the France of the eighteenth century they were a splendid trickle; to-day, when the gift of writing passably is almost as common as the ability to read was then, they descend on us in full spate. Most of them are too much in the fashion of their day to carry matters much farther. Their authors have a touch of the disease which they would cure, and make war on the dreary conclusions derived from current cant, in happy unconsciousness that they are still the prisoners of its premises. Dr. Burns's latest work is in a different class. It is free from the blight of excessive cleverness, which is the enemy both of humanity and good sense; does not flourish a water-tight theory as a key to the universe; and deals with men as responsible beings, who can do a good deal, if they please, to make a decent future, not as animals or puppets. It is, in short, modest, reasonable and wise. To these solid virtues it adds a happy pungency of expression which hits the bull's-eye in a sentence. Dr. Burns is not a phrase-maker, but his arrows fly straight. " Peace is a system of government "; " Freedom is the power to go to help, wherever help is needed "; " The white man's burden, consisting of the black man's property, was divided by agreement among the whites "; " A little bad philosophy goes a long way, as certain English scientists have shown in their more popular writings "—are burrs which stick.

Abstraction, though necessary to thought, is liable to be the

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death of it. It lures the more guileless of its devotees into solemn futilities of the kind which the half-humanised victims of Dr. Moreau called "Big Thinks," when they ought to be considering the realities of existence experienced by their neighbours. Hence the enthusiasm aroused by the expansion of empires which are dying at the heart; hence also the Utopias whose slick perfection is exhilarating to contemplate, but would be a nightmare to live in. Dr. Burns is more interested in values than in forces. He is concerned neither with the mechanics of social organisation nor with the refinements of a cultured élite. He looks at the world through plain glass, and thinks in terms of the lives of ordinary men and women. To give their powers a fair chance is the first virtue in his calendar; to treat them as cannon-fodder even in a good cause the unpardonable crime. He means by civilisation a state of society which promotes the fullest possible development of perceptiveness, intelligence and activity, and which does so for all, not for a favoured minority. His book is a discussion of such progress as has been made towards attaining that result, and of the changes required if it is to be attained more fully.

That may not be the whole story, but it is certainly the right beginning. It disposes at the start of the disposition to treat men as means to be manipulated for ends not their own which is habitual in governments and not uncommon in their critics. Judged by that criterion, the last half-century can show some victories. The age in which it was taken for granted that the only active citizens were adult males, though only twenty years distant, seems to-day remote. Dr. Burns is right in treating the change in the position of women as a major achievement, and in underlining the advance in civilisation which it has involved, not only for them, but equally for men. He is on firm ground, again, when he contrasts the present attitude to children with that of the 'seventies, though here the story is more chequered. Children are no longer regarded as—to use his own expression—"defective adults," who have to be cured of that unfortunate disability by mastering the accomplishments and acquiring the information which their elders think desirable. The question asked to-day by reasonable people is less what children ought to be than what in fact they are, and how best to meet the needs of successive phases of their growth. Since this, however, is a field where class-prejudice is a tyrant, the gulf between theory and practice remains enormous and shocking. The measure of agreement between most of those who have troubled to ascertain the facts is sufficient to keep administrators busy, were their hands untied, for the next twenty years; but Parliaments of rich men still find it, apparently, impossible to believe that common children are human in the same sense as their own. Hence hoary abuses, which—given the will—could be ended in twelve months, are sedulously preserved, and the minutest reforms must be dragged through a den of suspicious lions.

Societies which persistently refuse to tackle obvious and easy issues are not likely to make a good show when faced by more arduous ones. Dr. Burns is right, therefore, in putting matters of this order first. His treatment of the international and the social questions is equally suggestive, and is done at greater length. If a man attempts to stand for a moment outside his own age, and to look at it with the same detachment as an anthropologist brings to the study of a primitive people, one fact is surely plain. We inherit a body of institutions, habits and conceptions produced to meet the needs of an environment widely different from our own, and which does not fit the facts, economic and psychological, of the world of to-day. The ideas and practices represented by such expressions as "national sovereignty" and "the sanctity of private property" are two examples out of many. Both once described methods of organising human life which, whatever their drawbacks, were then a step forward. Both, with all their immense ramifications and consequences, have survived into an age when they are about as relevant to practical realities as chain-armour in a modern battle. Both still pay handsome dividends to those in a position to pull the right strings, and are an intolerable nuisance to everyone else.

From the state of inflamed exasperation which such absurdities produce, there are two possible exits. One is to alter the institutions to fit the facts; the other is to keep the institutions and silence anyone who calls attention to their inconveniences. The Fascist states do the second, with the aid of concentration camps and torture. Those which call themselves democracies would, if wise, do the first. Since most of them however, are governed by oligarchies of property-owners, who hold power subject to popular acquiescence, but hold it all the same, they are at present too deeply divided against themselves to act with decision either in social or international affairs. What will happen when that acquiescence ceases, it is impossible to say. At present it is a fact; the task of the moment is to destroy it. Dr. Burns is not among the innocents who suppose that the only kinds of power which count are physical or economic. He realises—as the privileged classes themselves realise only too clearly—that opinion also is a power and that opinion can be changed. His book is a considerable contribution towards changing it.

R. H. TAWNEY

JULIAN BELL

Julian Bell, Essays, Poems, and Letters. Edited by QUENTIN BELL. *Hogarth Press.* 12s. 6d.

Julian Bell was killed last year driving an ambulance on the Brunete front. This book contains short essays on him by J. M. Keynes, David Garnett, and Charles Mauron; three essays of his own; and a selection of his letters and poems.

But though so miscellaneous in its contents, it remains a living book. The vivid personality behind lights up even these scattered fragments. "Why," it may be felt, "why should we read this sort of memorial-volume? All very well for friends and relatives. But the world is full of masterpieces: we have no time for the incomplete and immature. This may be bright with promise: we prefer performance."

The answer is surely that an intelligent person will wish to understand his age; even an age like ours. One can learn much of the spirit of Renaissance or seventeenth century merely from the portrait of some nameless youth. So here.

True, the most outstanding quality of Julian Bell seems to me *not* typical of his young generation. For he possessed extreme vitality. Life was brief for him: but he was so full of it that he crowded more into it than many twice his age. It is perhaps more typical that he wrote political verse; yet here too his work remained immune from that breezy vulgarity sometimes thought appropriate to poets of the popular cause, on the veteran principle of blacking oneself all over to play Othello. His real poetry, however, preferred the hedgerows of Sussex: and, if it sometimes seems to lack ear, it shows an eye as keen as any living. One

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verse-passage on his childhood may be quoted as revealing not only a clear-cut glimpse of the writer, but also those good qualities of his prose likewise—its concreteness, its brevity, its clarity.

> And then the passage of those country years,
> A war-time boyhood ; orchard trees run wild,
> West wind and rain, winters of holding mud,
> Wood fires in blue-bright frost and tingling blood,
> All brought to the sharp senses of a child.
>
> Whatever comes since then, that life appears
> Central and certain and undoubted good,
> As the known qualities of clay or wood
> Live in the finger's ends, as tool or gun
> Come easily to hand as they have done.

For I believe his prose promised even better than his verse. There is a vital gaiety in his descriptions of the " whistling, torn-stuff noise " of the wild ducks' wings dashing over Wuchang, or of the snow as " it thuds off the roof with a noise of drunken elephants slumping down in bed " ; or in his illustration, simple enough in itself, of the folly of thinking primitive societies always free from over-production : " When a very small Somali tribe kills a very large elephant, there is an over-production of elephant."

He might indeed have become a new Cobbett. For he really preferred hard-hitting action to pure art ; and he was better gifted for arguing a case than for pure thought. Yet he remained always passionately interested in discussing conduct, the ethics and the values of life at large. And it is as a picture of life lived hard by an eager, gay, yet serious youth that this book becomes itself most revealing. For about Julian Bell's fate there clings some of the irony of tragedy.

By family tradition and upbringing he was seasoned in that north-east wind which blows as steadily as any trade-wind from Cambridge to Bloomsbury. " Bloomsbury " indeed has become a wild term, covering a multitude of mythical sins and based on generalisations that work only at a safe distance : but if there does exist any real trait in common among the inhabitants of that dark area, it is perhaps a cult of " reason," a distrust of all " sentiment," enthusiasm, romanticism, or violence. Into all this Julian Bell was born : but he came also of a country stock and enjoyed a country childhood. The result was a strange combination of an intellectual with (his own word) " a barbarian."

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Thus it was the " barbarian " in him who strode so solidly, with a large beard, about the countryside of Firle. The barbarian loved birds : he also loved killing birds. In the end he killed also the pacifist intellectual who had once inhabited the same body with him ; though it was always an astonishment to me, as one of those whom Mr. Clive Bell reproaches as " war-mongers," that this last process was so long delayed. But a typical picture is Julian walking in a Peace Procession at Cambridge, yet hurling back with a Homeric joy of battle the eggs thrown by the unsympathetic.

Indeed, I feel that in the end the pacifist was too completely defeated. His later idea that one should retaliate on Nazi and Fascist their own treacheries and tortures would have horrified members of the older Cambridge generation like Lowes Dickinson and Roger Fry. Why sink to the same level as one's enemies ? Does one eat cannibals ? Nor do I believe sadism in war even pays. It provokes more rage than fear. And I doubt if the frightfulness of Attila or Genghiz Khan is more effective than the methods of Marlborough and Wellington. Robert Bruce once fought a battle to save a laundress in childbed from the English : he did not therefore lose it. The compassion of Montaigne has somehow outlived the cruelties of St. Bartholomew, though for the moment we may seem relapsing to-day.

Yet in many ways the intellectual in Julian Bell remained strongly dominant. He is admirably sane on Communism. On the other hand, brought up admirably free from all other inhibitions, he seems to me to have suffered rather from the fear of being duped by feelings or ideals—except his own ideal of being " tough-minded." In his letters that fetish-word of the psychological prude and the emotional teetotaller, " sentimental," becomes a refrain. The Chinese, he complains, are so " sensitive," so " romantic " ; no doubt that is why Dickinson liked them ; but then Dickinson himself was " soft." Those are beasts, said Philippe de Commines, who are never duped. And this terror of it seems a pity ; like all other terrors. Montaigne was wiser. And so one gets the impression that in this impetuous life there were indeed many love-affairs, but not much love—with one striking exception. The letters to his mother show none of this false shame and are among the finest and most natural things in the whole book.

But inhibitions bring their revenge—and this is what I meant by " tragedy " and " irony." This young Puritan of reason could yet not resist the excitement and the romantic enthusiasm of the Spanish war. Even in his pacifist years he had pored over military history. And it certainly was not " reason " that led him at last to Brunete. If the world-war was indeed inevitable, the business of a good soldier was not to risk his special qualifications in needless dangers, where any lorry-driver could have done as well. But he was too generous to calculate so. All his life he had denounced " enthusiasm " : and for something very like it he gave his life. If he lost by that, none will ever know : but surely the world has.

F. L. LUCAS

NEW NOVELS

Amateurs in Arms. By F. J. JOSEPH. *Cassell.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Something Wrong. By JAMES STERN. *Secker and Warburg.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
People Are Curious. By JAMES HANLEY. *Bodley Head.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
French for Funny. By ROBERT WESTERBY. *Barker.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
The Story of a Lake. By NEGLEY FARSON. *Gollancz.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

A Board of Literary Censors might prove a blessing to the reading public. The Board would have no power of suppression —its motto might be Exhibition Not Inhibition—but would simply stamp each dust-jacket with a bold indication of the book's contents—say, A (Adults), U (only if brought by an unfulfilled Unconscious), D (Documentary) or H (Hemingway). Of course there would be disadvantages, particularly for the writers who combine all four letters in the same programme, but at least we should know where we stood, and what sort of thing we might have to stand for.

Amateurs in Arms is one of the best D novels I have ever read. The author, who, it seems, is an experienced journalist writing under a nom-de-plume, has taken as his subject a vast, complicated, underhand armament deal, and presented its devious technicalities with the lucidity of a legal reporter. He introduces

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no uplift, no explicit satire and very little personality, but describes the biology of the business underworld with the professional detachment of a screen commentator recounting the life of the newt. In implication, of course, the book is strong and effective propaganda; but then so was Darwin. The scene of the story is Paris at the height of the Spanish Civil War, and the characters are for the most part shady adventurers attracted by the smell of profit from every corner of the world, who spend their day in cocktail bars trying to sell each other arms they don't possess for money they haven't got. Swept into this starving maggot heap are a butterfly, in the person of Pederson, a ruined straw-hat manufacturer, and, in that of Wanneberg, the Leftist son of a German armament king, some richly promising dung. Pederson wants money to save his hats, and Wanneberg wants arms to save the Spanish Government. The upshot is an orgy of swindling, corruption, blackmail and treble-crossing much too involved to be outlined in a review. It need only be said that the Government get most of their arms and that most of the swindlers get their percentage.

Mr. Joseph clearly knows the ropes, and expounds the complexities of blocked letters of credit, pavilions, counter-deposits and all the liturgy of big business with an entertaining clarity. He has, too, a fertile imagination for high-pressure crookedness of the sort that is usually revealed only at the trial of a Hatry, and describes his wicked schemes in such practical detail that unless his book is an inner history of the last arms swindle, it might well become the text-book of the next. Not the least amusing of Mr. Joseph's devices are those he attributes to foreign Governments; the suggestion that Franco cheats non-intervention by " capturing " his own arms ships, and unloading them under the eyes of neutral observers as booty taken from the treacherous Reds seems almost too good to be untrue; while the allegation that the same Generalissimo tricks his Fascist friends into supplying more war material than he can use, and then sells the surplus to China for hard cash is equally unfamiliar and endearing. *Amateurs in Arms* is not a book for every taste. The personal element is very slight, and if you have " no head for business " even the author's careful exposition may not make much sense of his puppet's machinations. But to all the secret admirers of clever dishonesty, to all those who prop up their *Times* and read five thousand words on the latest action for slander or fraudulent conversion, it will appeal as a brilliant, instructive, slyly humorous dossier of the shadier side of capitalism.

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Something Wrong, *People Are Curious* and *French for Funny* are volumes of collected short stories. Such collections give a far better idea of a writer's capabilities than can a single novel, or even a number of novels read at longish intervals. For one thing, they make it possible to distinguish between genuine style and repetitive tricks; there can be very few novelists who would care to have a dozen of their first chapters read and compared in a single evening. Again, if the merit of a short story depends on some technical or characteristic ingenuity, the reading of a collection will soon have the effect of the twenty-second amazing card-trick. The popular reputation even of O. Henry must have suffered from his Hundred Best Stories. Of these three writers, Mr. Stern emerges as far the most distinguished. With one or two exceptions his stories describe the reactions of children to the half-understood realities of the adult world, and the way in which childhood environment determines, sometimes almost imperceptibly, sometimes by brutal shock, the character of the next generation. In spite of their similarity of theme, each incident is distinct and original in treatment. Several of the stories have County settings, and Mr. Stern's descriptions of the unspeakable in pursuit of the uneatable can be nearly as good as Sassoon's. In his peculiar talent to bring out subtlety from the obvious, and in *The Broken Leg*, a story of a small boy afraid of riding, and *Sons of England*, a vignette of the dialectical pendulum between Bloomsbury and the Quorn, he lifts plots out of the illustrated weeklies and puts them into literature. Even the bad stories—a melodramatic one about a man caught halfway down a cliff, and, that old favourite, the child innocently observing its mother's adultery with a nice stranger—are written with a freedom from affectation that makes them almost original; while the best—such as the title-story, in which a boy loses one sexual fear and finds another, without realising what either of them mean—are wholly admirable combinations of sense, sensibility and imagination. For a young writer, Mr. Stern is remarkably polished and mature; he already shows, in high degree, the promise of considerable achievement.

Beside Mr. Stern's easy naturalness, *People Are Curious* is far too " literary." Mr. Hanley's carefully rhythmic style and his over-anxiety to bring out the symbolism of the crudest realities fit ill with most of his subjects, and only his Irishmen and Swedish sailors strike one as wholly convincing (though whether real Swedes and Irish would subscribe to this is another matter). The trouble with Mr. Hanley is that he falls between two stools. He would agree, I expect, that unemployed workers in family quarrels don't really say, " We're crucifying each other with our presence "; and argue that by writing in such a way he expresses a genuine but inarticulate emotion. Yet though he permits his characters to pass reality in word and (sometimes) action, he clings for his backgrounds to the old-style realism of the mud-and-blood school, with the result that his work hovers uneasily between the bricklayers' canteen and the completed ivory castle. As far as they go, his present collection of stories (some of them written more than three years ago) make pleasant enough reading. The title story describes two tramps seeking help from an uninterested relative, *Winner and Losers*, is a perfect little sketch of a cheap boaster in a pub, and *Afternoon at Miss Fitches* is a grimly convincing story of two old women in a crumbling Irish mansion. But, varied as they are in plot, the tales all bear a certain similarity of expression. It depends on how much you like your Hanley; personally, I found sixteen stories rather a large dose.

French For Funny is a jolly book; just the thing to read between Epsom and Waterloo, or in the useless hour when one is too tired to go to bed. There are stories about boxers and funny tough guys, creepy ones about people who hang themselves on your four-poster, and that lovely kind in which little men in corners lean forward and tell remarkable adventures. You always know by the first sentence what you've got coming; and whether it's:

> The storm was appalling. The rain drove in gusts against the windshield; streaked in long scratches along the muddy sides of the car,

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The Story of a Lake is not about a lake, but about a Foreign Correspondent, and how drink, and Flick, a wild, devilish Bohemian young woman, whose love means Death, drives him to the colonies and dipsomania. It is a big book (469 pages, 187 of them about the Lake, the rest about things in general), and whenever the passionate pilgrimages or the Bloomsbury Parties (time we had a Purge) begin to pall, Mr. Farson gives us a long talk on the Gold Standard or Labour troubles in the U.S.A. There are hundreds of characters, some very vivid and alive, and others not so very vivid and alive; and the plot moves against an enormous panorama . . . oh, read it yourself. JOHN MAIR

TRIUMPHANT LIBERALISM

The Age of Reform, 1815-1870. By E. L. WOODWARD. *Oxford Press.* 15*s.*

This book is rather for the student than for the general reader, but it would certainly not disgrace the shelves of a gentleman's library and it forms an excellent complementary volume to those two admirable books on Early Victorian England, edited by Mr. G. M. Young. It might even be added that those professional politicians who delight to recall but not to understand a Palmerstonian policy would be well advised to study the excellent chapters on foreign policy.

The honoured name of Trevelyan has for so long dominated and biased Cambridge history books that Oxford was certain sooner or later to produce a school of conservative historians. The labours of Mr. Keith Feiling to instil a little glamour into the extremely shabby history of the Tory party are familiar to most people. Mr. Woodward, whom one may also suspect of a certain frailty where Church and State are concerned, has taken the braver course of dealing with the golden harvest of Whiggery. It is difficult to speak sufficiently highly not only of the ease and grace with which the book is written, but of the impartiality with which controversial matters are handled. Mr. Woodward, in the best traditions of those who write for students and schoolboys, has an engaging habit of concealing his most intriguing information in footnotes—for example, a saying of Tom Moore's which may be familiar but is certainly new to me: "When you tread on a nobleman's corn, how he winces!"

Here and there it may be argued that Mr. Woodward presents conventional though not completely accurate views—notably in his account of the Royal Family. For example, Ernest, Duke of Cumberland (as the recently published letters of George IV and his own correspondence with Lord Strangford abundantly prove) was anything but "stupid." Nor does Mr. Woodward do full justice to the Prince Consort. He was never "awkward and tactless," only earnest and reserved—qualities which startled and surprised the Tory aristocracy who only felt really at ease with a hard-drinking, foul-mouthed chatterbox. It is agreeable to see that the author—in agreement with all who really understand Victorian politics—has but a poor opinion of that verbose charlatan who led the gentlemen of England and was the first to import to our shores that questionable article known as Peace With Honour. He rightly suggests that his whole political career was probably as cynical as was believed both by Mr. Gladstone on the Liberal side and by Lord Shaftesbury on his own side. Mr. Woodward grudgingly admits that "he was sincere enough to be the victim of his own undisciplined fancy." The book is amply conceived and embraces every aspect of national life. It even includes a fascinating paragraph on the development of dentistry, which has made at any rate one reader pine for more information on that subject. ROGER FULFORD

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Crusade in Spain. By EOIN O'DUFFY. *Hale.* 5*s.*

General O'Duffy modestly states in his preface that his hand "is unused to weaning the words which make literature." If he cannot make literature, however, he can pad a thin story and make it into a sizeable volume. There was so little to be said about the exploits of the Irish Legion of 700 men who fought for four months for General Franco that this fault must be excused him. Their first engagement (in which they suffered some of their heaviest casualties) was with a detachment of Nationalists who mistook them for the enemy. After this they occupied a piece of line out of range of rifle and machine-gun fire. March 13th, 1936, was their one day of battle. They advanced under heavy fire and then retreated, and when on March 14th they were ordered to repeat the process General O'Duffy refused. After a further spell of uneventful trench warfare near Madrid, 654 volunteers decided to return to Ireland, while seven remained in Spain. If we understand General O'Duffy rightly, not more than ten of the Legion were killed in action. It does not take long to chronicle these events, especially when a discreet veil is cast over such facts as the readiness of the volunteers to clear out. The rest of the book is anti-Bolshevik propaganda of the crudest kind. All the same, it is probably a complete record of the Irish "crusade in Spain."

Guns or Butter. By R. H. BRUCE LOCKHART. *Putnam.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Once more Mr. Bruce Lockhart takes his readers on a sentimental political pilgrimage to his old haunts of the twenties and before the Great War in Central Europe. A pretty gloomy business it is. "Then feel I like some guest returned to banquet hall deserted"—deserted by reason and bursting with guns, everyone talking about war. He is over 40 and he is sad. He talks with Beneš in Prague, with King Boris, King Carol and the Regent of Jugoslavia. He notes the stiffening triumphant atmosphere in Germany, where the joy of the young is balanced by the harassed, burdened air of the over 40's who are paying the Nazi bills. "In England middle age is in the saddle. It holds the high offices; it has the money; it has the best time. In Germany it belongs to an already despised past. And this is the fundamental difference between the new Germany and the old England." In Scandinavia and Holland, he relaxes in the happier atmosphere of a prolonged peace, where the thoughtful beg England to be strong. Or else . . . Affably written and drawing upon a wide gossipy field of personal experience which ranges from chancelleries to night clubs, Mr. Bruce Lockhart's book is full of good stories and interesting sketches of people. He is the common-sense practical romantic fellow who feels, rather pathetically, it has all got beyond him; and he has the ex-official mind which brings forth, and like the *Daily Express* is always making dramatic revelations to its readers of what has long been common knowledge—as, for example, that there is an historic German racial fear of the Slavs, or that the Jews are persecuted in Germany as part of a technique of propaganda! For those who like club talk, anecdotal, bland, sentimental rather than deeply informative, this is the book.

Double-Crossing America. By ROLAND WILD. *Hale.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

If you'd like to know a little something about America—not New York or Hollywood—but what is frequently referred to as "the real America," consisting mainly of wide open spaces thinly held together by magnificent roads, this is the book for you. Mr. Wild, with his wife, small child and German governess, has driven a five months' trailer Marathon from Atlantic to Pacific, across the States and back again

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CVS—92

Of course, it was a stunt—cooked up with his publishers. And inevitably his picture of America is superficial, occasionally inaccurate—department store salesgirls in " the real America " do not make £5 a week or anything like it. Not all American Indians are sad, drab creatures farming their way to ruin. Some tribes are very rich. But such minor errors are lost in a wealth of good stories and vivid reporting. Mr. Wild has been where most of his readers have not—in dozens of the commercial trailer camps, from Ollie Trout's luxury place in Miami with the highest rates in America ($5 to $10 a week) to the cheapest, where the showers and plumbing are impossible, and also to the well-run Government camps that cost nothing at all. He has seen the Painted Desert and the Petrified Forest, the great national parks, a grasshopper plague, the dust-blighted " bad lands of Dakota," Salt Lake City, where the Mormons no longer practise polygamy, and the Ford factory. He has met newspapermen—and points out the extraordinary American passion for making the worst of a bad job : political and economic scandals, ballyhoo and graft. He has talked to small business men, who transact much of their business in the locker rooms of their expensive golf clubs, to medicine men and radio announcers and just plain people. He offers you a good bird's-eye view of the States.

Modern States Series: Italy. By R. SENCOURT. *Arrowsmith.* 3s. 6d.

Since it is claimed that in the series to which this little book belongs, " due attention is given to the origins and to the continuity of the life of each people and of each state," one would have thought that the greatest period in the political as in the commercial and, above all, artistic life of Florence, that of the two and a half centuries between 1282 when it overthrew one tyranny and 1530 when another was imposed on it by the German head of the Holy Roman Empire, would come in for some discussion. But in the one of his eight chapters which Mr. Sencourt devotes to pre-Risorgimento Italy, he traces no connection between Florentine liberty and the Renaissance. One is not therefore surprised at his contempt for the Italy of the period between 1870 and 1915 when, he says, " Administration was generally corrupt, political life dishonest, and government slipped into the hands of the *canaille*." He does not, however, deny that in the same period the cities had new water supplies, that Rome was cured of fever by draining the marshes and walling in the Tiber, that factories increased and that Italy enormously increased her income. These things he attributes simply to the Italian genius for engineering.

When he comes to the Fascist period, he praises and dismisses the period of castor oil, beating up and mass condemnations to prison and exile as of short duration. Of Signor Mussolini he says that with every year after he came to office " he advanced in knowledge, in wisdom, in power." He speaks of Mussolini's shifting of the weight of taxation in the first year of his rule from the bourgeoisie to the masses as " not the least astute of his moves " and then goes on to an appreciative exposition of Fascist economics. We are entitled to ask whether, after sixteen years of practice, Fascist economic principles have led to an increase in Italy's income comparable with that enormous increase of the pre-Fascist period. Mr. Sencourt's answer is not reassuring. " What Italy wants is capital." And that, he adds rather naively, " she can obtain only from the English-speaking world."

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Somerset Essays. By LLEWELYN POWYS. *Bodley Head.* 12s. 6d.

Mr. Powys has written a kind of book of which there are not enough good modern examples. *Somerset Essays* reveals the patience, the intimacy, the deep understanding, which probably no man can bestow upon more than one locality in a lifetime. The region of which Mr. Powys writes is the nearer West Country, the broad belt which extends from the Bristol Channel to the English Channel through Somerset and Dorset. His subject-matter is wide, including past worthies, bird-life, and natural and architectural features. On all these themes Mr. Powys writes gracefully and with a deep-rooted familiarity. Particularly admirable are the brief biographies of forgotten local authors, the essay on sea-gulls and ravens, and the story of Nancy Cooper. The last, almost incredible to modern ears, is a perfect Hardy story in miniature. The inclusion of many superb photographs helps to make *Somerset Essays* indispensable to the Westcountryman, and an unmerited pleasure to the mere " foreigner."

Week-end Competitions

No. 455

Set by G. W. Stonier

The lunch-time editions of evening papers have a technique of their own. " Hitler Moves " or " King Assassinated " appears on the placard, and we buy a paper to find that these headlines refer to old history and that *Mein Kampf* is being serialised or Mr. Churchill is writing cameos of English history. The usual prizes are offered for the six most startling placards which this method of journalism could produce.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, December 2nd.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 453

Set by Raymond Mortimer

The usual prizes of Two Guineas and Half a Guinea are offered for the best English equivalent of Mallarmé's *Brise Marine*. Competitors may, if they wish, change the images of the original and the criterion will be the degree to which the entries are English poems that make an impression similar to that made by the French.

Le chair est triste, hélas ! et j'ai lu tous les livres.
Fuir ! là-bas fuir ! Je sens que des oiseaux sont ivres
D'être parmi l'écume inconnue et les cieux !
Rien, ni les vieux jardins reflétés par les yeux
Ni retiendra ce cœur qui dans la mer se trempe
O nuits ! ni la clarté déserte de ma lampe
Sur le vide papier que la blancheur défend
Et ni la jeune femme allaitant son enfant.
Je partirai ! Steamer balançant ta mâture,
Lève l'ancre pour une exotique nature !
Un Ennui, désolé par les cruels espoirs,
Croit encore à l'adieu suprême des mouchoirs !
Et, peut-être, les mâts, invitant les orages
Sont-ils de ceux qu'un vent penche sur les naufrages
Perdus, sans mâts, sans mâts, ni fertiles îlots . . .
Mais, ô mon cœur, entends le chant des matelots !

Report by Raymond Mortimer

It is disappointing to the setter if there are few entries, and I was uneasy about this competition. To my surprise and delight Mallarmé has attracted an uncommonly large field, and almost every version submitted contains felicitous lines. A large number attempted a direct

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 unless otherwise stated.

ADELPHI.	**Bobby Get Your Gun.**	Thurs., Sat.
ALDWYCH.	**They Fly By Twilight.**	W. S.
AMBASSADORS.	**Spring Meeting.**	Wed., Fri.
COLISEUM.	**Varieties.**	Sats.
COMEDY.	**Room for Two.**	Tu., Fri.
GLOBE.	**Robert's Wife.**	Wed. & Sat.
HIPPODROME.	**Fleet's Lit Up.**	Th. & Sat.
LYRIC.	**The Flashing Stream.**	Wed. & Thurs.
OLD VIC.	**Hamlet.**	Thur., Sat.
QUEEN'S.	**Dear Octopus.**	Wed. & Sat.
ST. JAMES'.	**Gentleman Unknown.**	Wed., Sat.
S. MARTIN'S.	**When We are Married.**	Tu., Fr.
SAVILLE.	**Geneva.**	Wed., Sat.
SAVOY.	**Lot's Wife.**	Mon., Sat.
SHAFT'BURY.	**Good-bye, Mr. Chips.**	W., S.
STRAND.	**Banana Ridge.**	Thurs. & Sat.
VAUDEVILLE.	**Goodness, How Sad!**	Tu., S.
WESTMINSTER.	**Dangerous Corner.**	W., S.
WYNDHAM'S.	**Quiet Wedding.**	Wed., Sat.

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Tues.,	Nov. 29th.	8.30.	BALLET—THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES, HOROSCOPE, CASSE-NOISETTE, Act III.
Wed.,	Nov. 30th.	7.30.	TANNHAUSER.
Thurs.,	Dec. 1st.	8.30.	BALLET—A WEDDING BOUQUET, BAISER DE LA FÉE, NOCTURNE.
Fri.,	Dec. 2nd.	8.0.	THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO.
Sat.,	Dec. 3rd.	2.30.	MADAM BUTTERFLY.
Sat.,	Dec. 3rd.	6.45.	THE MASTERSINGERS.

THEATRES

ADELPHI. (Tem. 7611.) Evgs., 8.15. Th., Sat., 2.30.
BOBBY HOWES in
BOBBY GET YOUR GUN
GERTRUDE NIESEN. DIANA CHURCHILL.

ALDWYCH. (Tem. 6404.) Evgs., 8.30. W. S. 2.30.
RICHARD BIRD in
THEY FLY BY TWILIGHT
by Paul Dornhurst.

AMBASSADORS. Tem. 1171. EVGS., 8.30.
Mats., Wednesday & Friday, 2.30.
SPRING MEETING
A Light Comedy by M. J. Farrell and John Perry.

COMEDY. Whi. 2578. Evgs., 8.30. Tu., Fri., 2.30.
ELSIE RANDOLPH, HENRY KENDALL and HUGH WAKEFIELD in
ROOM FOR TWO

DUCHESS. (Tem. 8243.) Evgs., 8.30, Wed., Sat., 2.30.
SYBIL THORNDIKE, EMLYN WILLIAMS in
THE CORN IS GREEN
A Comedy
by EMLYN WILLIAMS.

DUKE OF YORK'S. (Tem. 5122.) Evgs., 8.30.
Matinees, THURS. & SAT., 2.30.
BASIL SYDNEY & MARGARETTA SCOTT in
TRAITOR'S GATE
". . . HOW THE PLAY HOLDS!"—*Times.*

GARRICK. 8.30 (ex. Mons.). Tues., Th., Sat., 2.30.
GYLES ISHAM and WANDA ROTHA.
ELISABETH OF AUSTRIA
by Katriona and Elizabeth Sprigge.
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GLOBE. Ger. 1592. EVGS., 8.30 sharp.
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ROBERT'S WIFE
By ST. JOHN ERVINE.

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272. 8.15. Th., Sat., 2.30.
FRANCES DAY, STANLEY LUPINO
ADELE DIXON, RALPH READER
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JOHN KIDD BASIL COLEMAN
ANDREW CRUICKSHANK FRANK TICKLE
Produced by LEWIS CASSON.
Tues., Dec. 6th, at 8 (2 weeks) THE RIVALS (Sheridan).
Box. Day, 2.30, 8 (4 wks.), Midsummer Night's Dream.

QUEEN'S. Ger. 4517. Evgs. at 8.15 sharp.
Mats., Weds. and Sats., at 2.30.
MARIE TEMPEST. JOHN GIELGUD in
DEAR OCTOPUS. By DODIE SMITH.

ST. JAMES'. (Whi. 3903.) Evgs., 8.30. W., S., 2.30.
BARRY K. BARNES in
GENTLEMAN UNKNOWN
by A. A. MILNE.

ST. MARTIN'S. Tem. 1443. 8.30. Tu., Fri., 2.30.
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STRAND. (Tem. 2660.) Evgs., 8.30. Thurs. and Sat.
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From Nine till Two. Bar. Tickets 5/- or 5 for £1, from TESSA VAN SOMEREN, 25 Whitehall Park, N.19, or at the door.

ANNIVERSARY celebration dance, Sat., Nov. 26th at Suffolk Galleries, Haymarket, W. Dancing 8-12. Also Catalan dances and well-known Russian singer. Guest of evening: J. Langdon Davies. Free gifts of novelties. Admission *2s. 6d.* Tickets before dance *2s.* From "Russia To-day" (Hol. 2855) and Colletts.

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
Rates and all information on page 898

translation: Mr. Edmund Dulac provided the most perceptive crib, but it was not an English poem. On the other hand, several competitors took the fullest advantage of the licence that was offered. Tom Clerk turned the sailor-songs into a jazz band on an excursion steamer, R. Elliott substituted the country for the ocean isles, and Gwyn John (writing from South Wales) translated the wanderlust into an unemployed man's longing for work. Alice Herbert offered four quatrains, neat but too weakly charged with emotion; M. W. Murray began well with "Love brings but sadness, art is but repeating," and other competitors I wish to congratulate are W. R. Y., Patrick Baggalay, S. Seamew, Curator, H. H. Livingstone, Morfud, Charles Gabriel, Roland, M. R. D., A. W. Delacour, A. A. Dent, Margot Hicklin, R. Harrison, P. R. Laird, A. V. H. White, N. V. E. Davis, M. G. F. Plant, who turned Mallarmé into Tennyson, and Guy Innes, whose request for more competitions in verse translation will receive attention. No version compares in beauty and expressiveness with the original, but this is one of the finest poems ever written, and nobody alive, not even Mr. Yeats, I think, is capable of verse at once so moving and so monumental. The construction of the poem is also remarkable, regrets and fears producing an elaborate balance of stresses. I have selected the three poems I like the best; each has great virtues, though none seems to me to translate the urgency of the French. (*Brise Marine* is a poem so contagious in its emotion that it almost drives one to buying a steamer-ticket.) I recommend that the First Prize be divided between Miss M. Chisholm and H. O. Meredith, and the Second be given to B. G. I.

SPINDRIFT

I am sated, flesh and fell and barren leaves.
Out! Away! The wild birds' exaltation weaves,
Vaults, voluminous careens, spans foam and sky!
Nothing, not the old delights that kept my eye,
Shall forbid this heart sea-change in sea-green gloom,
Night! Nor all the charm a lamp in my still room
Makes of its vigil while virgin paper rests,
Nor babe charm, bud-lipped at newly-womaned breasts.
Let me out! O steamer, with the compass masts,
Weigh anchor, weigh for far isles where beauty lasts!
Hopelessness that's proved hope false a lifetime through
Trusts the valedictory handkerchief anew!
More, maybe for masts that do the tempest bait
Forests unseen sea-stricken and moaning wait.
Lost. Unmasted. Unmasted . . . nor ever shore . . .
Yet—yet listen to the sailors' throated roar.

M. CHISHOLM

My bones are water! All my books are trash!
Let me get out! I know why birds will flash
Drunk with the foam 'neath unfamiliar skies.
No moss-bound garden's image in my eyes
Shall hold my heart back from the cleansing brine
Ye nights! Nor note-book's lamplit waste ashine
Too bleak, too virginal, to be defiled,
Nor even a young wife giving suck to a child.
Out, out! Great liner, mast and spar asway,
Hoist anchor for a chine beyond Cathay!
The heart, that hopes have riddled past relief,
Leaps to a farewell flutter of handkerchief!
Maybe those masts call down a hurricane,
Are masts that go by the board, are masts of men
Wrecked on no isle of always-fruitful spring . . .
Ah listen, heart, hear what the sailors sing.

H. O. MEREDITH

REORIENTATION

From glutted intellect to satiate flesh
(To what end enquire,
Aspire,
Desire?)
The soul cries, stifling, for release—
Dyspepsia, stagnation are not peace.

Release!
Where the keen wine of the wave-crest, bitter-fresh
Dizzies the air, and drunken petrels wheel,
Plunge upward through the cloud, and steal
Mad souls out of eternity—
Dance out with them, soul; flee
The soft, safe, spreading pastures where you dreamed
Drugged with hypocrisies of solemn bees;
The unresponsive library that seemed
To scorn your barren, well-upholstered ease.
The very love you've felt to be
Your talisman of freedom, clogs you. See
The rigging swaying frail against the light
Of proud infinity.
O flight!

Flight?
How if our top-mast be foredoomed to kiss
The lustful face of ocean, if we fail,
Splintered by his caresses—wail
Vainly for isles of pity? How shall this
Repay forsaken bliss?—
A fluttering shred of whiteness, and no more
Ties my poor, stale, enfeebled soul to shore.

I turn from bartering Life
Against a handkerchief—
I turn, and body and mind
Are suddenly the brothers of the wind,
As Life—dead treasure napkin-hidden long—
Leaps up, wild-flaming, in a sailors' song.

B. G. I.

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 308.—THE GREAT PAT-BALL CONTROVERSY

Pat-Ball is a game for two players somewhat resembling Ping-Pong; it is played with a ball in what used to be the billiards-room. The game is 3 points up, a point being scored by a player when his opponent makes a mistake. Service confers no advantage to either player, and the question of service in no way enters into the great Pat-Ball controversy.

That controversy arises from the fact that there is a window at one end of the room, and it is definitely an advantage to have the window at one's back. Our statisticians, indeed, have gone into the question exhaustively, and have come to the conclusion that the odds are exactly 2 to 1 that the player who has the window behind him wins any given point.

Obviously, then, at some stage in the game the players must change ends. But at what stage? Mrs. Mowle was the first to make a suggestion. "Players should change over," she said, "when 3 points in all have been scored." But her husband, Professor Mowle, argued convincingly that that was absurd, since the player at the window-end might well have won outright; and that therefore players should change ends when 2 points in all had been scored.

This plan seemed to favour the player opposite the window. Dr. Fahrenheit therefore suggested a compromise. "When 2 points in all have been scored," he said, "let the players toss up as to whether they change or no. If the player at the window-end wins the toss, they postpone changing until 3 points have been scored—unless, of course, one player has by then won the game."

Colonel Knotwhat, however, dislikes "this tossing business." He

"The Animal in between the fits, walks on tiptoe, as though there were a permanent extensor spasm, and when the fits supervene dashes violently about the cage screaming, or rolls over in convulsions with the jaws locked in an open position. Death is the usual sequel."

These words are taken from an article in the *British Medical Journal* of January 21st, 1928. They refer to series of "Experiments in Malnutrition." Such procedures—euphemistically known as "feeding experiments"—take place every year in large numbers, and the above typical instance illustrates the seldom realized fact that, by depriving an animal of its proper food, it may be made very ill indeed.

Support

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Director: CAPTAIN GUY COLERIDGE, R.N.
ALL CONTRIBUTIONS, HOWEVER SMALL, HELP OUR CAUSE

Company Meeting

HAWKER SIDDELEY AIRCRAFT

ISSUE OF SHORT-TERM DEBENTURES

MR. T. O. M. SOPWITH'S ADDRESS

THE Third Ordinary General Meeting of Hawker Siddeley Aircraft Company, Limited, was held on November 21st, in London.

Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith, C.B.E., F.R.Ae.S. (the chairman), presided.

The Chairman said:—Ladies and gentlemen,—The report and accounts have been circulated and, with your permission, I propose to take them as read. (Agreed.)

You will notice that they contain a consolidated statement of the assets and liabilities of the group. I do not think we should regard this as an established precedent, as under some circumstances publication might be contrary to the shareholders' interests.

The particular item in this consolidated statement to which I would direct your attention is that of stock and work in progress, which on July 31st last amounted to £6,397,875, which figure compares with that of £4,287,843 on the similar day last year, and the volume of work is, of course, now being increased from week to week and should continue to be so.

The accounts show that, after providing for the necessary reserves for depreciation, etc., we have brought in sufficient revenue from the operating accounts to provide the same dividend as last year and to increase our carry-forward by £45,400.

DIVIDEND AND BONUS

Dealing with the accounts in detail, you will see that the revenue for the year amounts to £821,953 13*s.* 6*d.*, from which have been deducted income-tax amounting to £219,491 2*s.* 9*d.*, directors' fees amounting to £1,400, administration and other charges amounting to £6,869 10*s.* 11*d.* leaving a balance of £656,982 14*s.* 8*d.* available for payment of dividends on the Preference and Ordinary share capital. Out of this there has been paid or provided for dividends, less tax, on the Five per Cent. Cumulative Preference shares amounting to £57,236 3*s.* 7*d.*, on the Five per Cent. Redeemable Cumulative Preference shares £43,053 1*s.* 8*d.*, and an interim dividend of 15 per cent., less tax, on the Ordinary shares amounting to £158,295 2*s.* 10*d.*, leaving a balance, including the amount brought forward, of £398,398 6*s.* 7*d.*

Out of this the directors recommend payment of a final dividend on the Ordinary shares of 17½ per cent., together with a cash bonus of 10 per cent., both less tax, making with the interim dividend already paid a total dividend on the Ordinary shares for the year to July 31st, 1938, of 32½ per cent., together with a cash bonus of 10 per cent., both less tax. This will absorb £290,207 15*s.* 2*d.*, leaving a balance to be carried forward to next year of £108,190 11*s.* 5*d.*, representing an increase of £45,400 over the previous year.

TRADING CONDITIONS

The year under review has in many respects been difficult for everybody. Although results are satisfactory, we have been called upon because of the political situation to concentrate to the utmost on the production of military aircraft, and this has been a contributing factor to the loss which has been sustained by one of our subsidiary companies in connexion with a civil contract entered into with Imperial Airways prior to this company's existence. As this matter is still the subject of negotiation it would be inadvisable to discuss it in detail.

The automobile section, in common with the motor trade generally, was affected by the prevalent depression, but the new models shown this year are, in our opinion, in advance of anything we have yet produced, and indications are that they will find an increasing market. We refer particularly to the new 16 h.p. and 20 h.p. types, which we are confident will become very popular both at home and abroad. We intend to develop a type embodying the benefit of the latest aeronautical research work, more of which may be said at a later date. The automobile market is admittedly subject to the effects of trade cycles, but I believe we have attained a standard which must be of value.

Our export trade, which we regard as of paramount importance, has been an appreciable asset—and although liable to restriction dependent on the requirements of the Government—is a market which we shall continue to develop wherever possible. I am sure you will realise the great value to this country of a healthy overseas business.

The research departments have been extended and we have made arrangements resulting in a friendly interchange of information with other organisations which have proved mutually beneficial.

CONTINUED GROWTH OF THE OPERATING COMPANIES

During this financial year the Government decided materially to increase the strength of the Royal Air Force. All our operating companies have grown, and are still growing, so as to do their share of providing the necessary equipment.

Without divulging any secrets I would like to say that we are very proud of the way in which they have gone to work, and of the satisfactory proportion of aircraft which they have produced.

The Secretary of State for Air recently announced that orders have been given—on behalf of the Government—for the erection and equipment of two factories—one at Manchester and the other at Gloucester, at a cost of over two million pounds. These factories will be operated by two of your subsidiary companies, and this is the first occasion on which Government factories have been entrusted to the professional aircraft industry. It is a tribute, of which we may well be proud, to the proved productive ability of A. V. Roe and Co. and the Gloster Aircraft Company that they have been selected to initiate these organisations

MEETING NATIONAL NEEDS

No stronger incentive than that indicated by the recent political crisis for the speeding up of our aircraft production programme need be advanced, and I feel that now is a suitable opportunity for me to express publicly your directors' conviction that an organisation, such as has been built up by your company, is not only at present rendering service of inestimable value to the country but—as you will hear later—we are proposing to raise further capital so that whatever the demands of the Government may be, private enterprise will be in a position to meet these demands in the most economical, speedy and efficient manner. (Applause.)

The essence of successful aircraft production is long-range planning based on a limited number of types, and to supply the numbers of aircraft required to-day will call for a greater and more sustained effort on the part of the industry.

In view, therefore, of the immediate and progressive expansion in the activities of the operating companies and the knowledge that this must continue, your directors have given very careful consideration to the question of finance. The order book is of very considerable magnitude. You will appreciate that to clarify "very considerable magnitude" is not permissible, but the phrase is accurate. The extra manufacturing capacity, plant, and equipment are being provided by the Government, and your company will occupy these factories on a mutually agreed rental basis by arrangement with the Air Ministry.

ISSUE OF SHORT-TERM DEBENTURES

Your directors feel that it is imperative that the group should be adequately provided with funds to finance the actual work in progress, not only in the new factories but also the additional output in those existing. Your directors, having very carefully considered the matter and having consulted other authorities, are to-day asking you for permission to create £5,000,000 of short-term First Debenture stock of which, if sanctioned, it is proposed to issue £3,500,000 now and the balance as and when required. The advantages of this method lie in the fact that when the need for the finance is ended the debentures will be repaid and the company will not be left with capital which it no longer requires.

I must emphasise the fact that the money raised by these debentures will be used to finance the rapid and progressive increase in the companies' aircraft business. No question of amortisation of the debentures arises, as they will be repaid when the contracts existing and envisaged have been completed and paid for.

COMPANY'S PROSPECTS

In view of the unsettled world political situation, it is difficult and, in any case, probably unwise to attempt to make any forecast as to the future. But it does seem reasonable to anticipate for this company a fair commercial return for the work and responsibility they are undertaking.

The formal resolutions in connexion with the financial policy outlined will be submitted to the meetings of the Preference shareholders which have been specially convened for the purpose.

In conclusion, I am sure you will like me to convey to the officials and staff of the operating companies your thanks and appreciation of the work they have carried out during the past year. The special remuneration voted to them in the past will be dealt with in future by the operating companies themselves where necessary, so that no resolution is required.

The chairman concluded by moving the adoption of the report and accounts.

Mr. Philip E. Hill seconded the resolution, and it was carried unanimously.

The proposed dividends and cash bonus were approved; the retiring director, Mr. Philip E. Hill, was re-elected; the auditors, Messrs. Price Waterhouse and Co., were reappointed.

After discussion a resolution extending the directors' borrowing powers was carried with only two dissentients.

At separate meetings of the holders of the Five per Cent. Cumulative Preference shares and of the holders of the Five per Cent. Redeemable Cumulative Preference shares resolutions authorising the creation of £5,000,000 debenture stock were approved.

A hearty vote of thanks to the chairman, directors, and staff concluded the proceedings.

thinks that when 2 points in all have been scored, the players should play for one more point which is not reckoned in the game ; the winner of this point, as in Dr. Fahrenheit's plan, has the option of playing on for one more point, or of changing.

My own plan is simpler. I think the players should change when either of them has scored 2 points.

Which is the fairest plan—Dr. Fahrenheit's, Colonel Knotwhat's, or mine ?

PROBLEM 306.—CINDERELLA

Solution by Furthermore Stack

If a, b and c are the three sisters' ages, Cinderella's being a, the data give :

$$(b+1)(c+1)+2(b+2)(c+2) \;..\; 1382$$
$$\text{i.e., } 3bc+5b+5c = 1373$$
$$\text{multiply by 3 and add 25}$$
$$\text{and } 9bc+15b+15c+25 = 4144$$
$$\text{i.e., } (3b+5)(3c+5) = 4144$$

Resolving 4144 into factors, three possible answers emerge, only one of which is likely, i.e., 17 and 23.

Therefore the age of Cinderella is 15 years.

PROBLEM 305.—THE RETURN MATCH

A set of Low's cartoons goes to : D. J. O'Sullivan, 106 Lower Drumcondra Road, Dublin. *Nine* points are awarded. CALIBAN

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

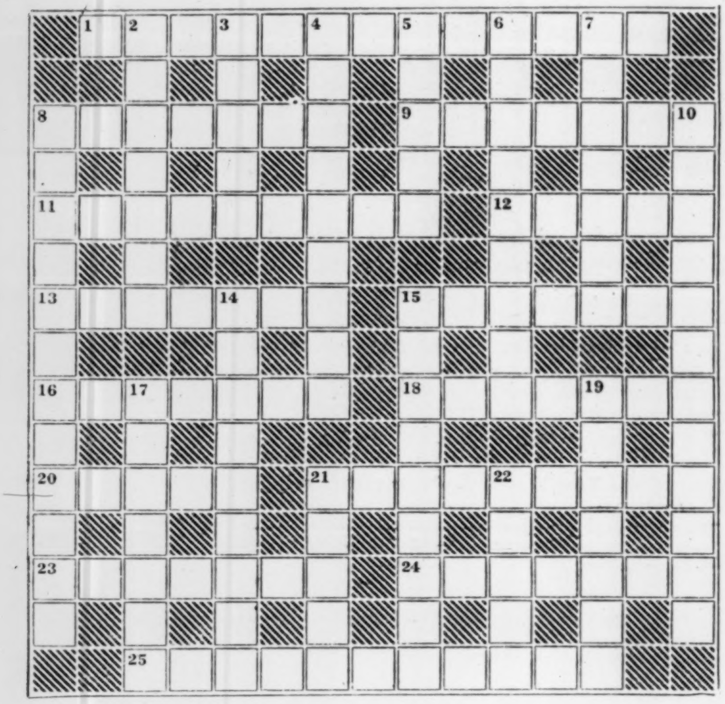
In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 455

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is

A. H. Legh, 15 Douglas Road, Goodmayes, Ilford.

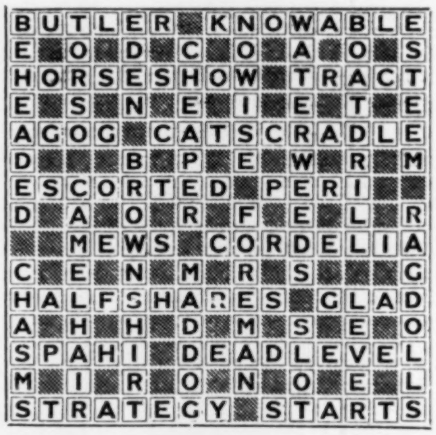
ACROSS

1. The policeman's small son ? (13)
8. Money put with the suet. (7)
9. The dismissed employee is no more entitled to take this than the burglar. (7)
11. A political device. (9)
12. Presumably it's doing a little backbiting. (5)
13. Powerful numbers for the mathematician. (7)
15. Abyssinia found it provincial. (7)
16. The City of Greed. (7)
18. Hardy watering place in homely surroundings. (7)
20. (rev). Some of them wept when Prynne had an ear slashed off. (5)
21. Not the instrumental part of the Eisteddfod. (9)
23. To do this to a candidate you would of course cross his opponent. (7)
24. One sure would find it affects one's nerves. (7)
25. Penniless nurseryman. (11)

DOWN

2. Like Kruschen salts in tea of course. (7)
3. Capped perhaps. (5)
4. Comparatively non-stopping. (9)
5. Attack by film actors at work. (5)
6. No doubt he often finds himself in a tight corner. (9)
7. Any girl can do this for herself, but the parson can't. (7)
8. Tomtom. (12)
10. They flocked away from her. (12)
14. Yellowstone mountain ? (9)
15. They indulge in a little quackery of course. (9)
17. Where the defences branch out as it were. (7)
19. Now, get a dress for the afternoon. (7)
21. Fortunately it turns. (5)
22. Pullover 1,000. (5)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



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E	■	S	■	N	■	E	■	I	■	E	■	T	■	E
A	G	O	G	■	C	A	T	S	C	R	A	D	L	E
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A	■	H	■	H	■	D	■	M	■	S	■	E	■	O
S	P	A	H	I	■	D	E	A	D	L	E	V	E	L
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S	T	R	A	T	E	G	Y	■	S	T	A	R	T	S

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London, W.1.

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BEXHILL ON SEA. Homely board-residence. Two guineas weekly. Ideal quiet holiday or convalescence. Bracing but mild, maximum sunshine. 41 Jameson Road.

RYE, Sussex. Old Hope Anchor Hotel. Sunny, comfortable. Quiet situation. Lovely views. Cent. heating. H. and c. water all bedrooms. A.A. 'Phone 126.

FITTLEWORTH, Sussex. Fortrie Guest House. Real Country. Comfort, good beds and cooking. Breakfast in bed if desired. 'Phone 61.

ASHDOWN FOREST, THE CLOCK HOUSE NUTLEY, Sussex. A delightful GUEST HOUSE in 7 acres. Central heating, open fires, running hot and cold water, electric light, garage, own garden produce, chickens, eggs and milk. Good chef. Special terms for autumn and winter. 'Phone: Nutley 96.

TORQUAY. Howden Court Hotel. Ideal for people on leave. Sun lounge. Private bath and sitting rooms if required. A.A. appointed. Tel.: 280711.

SEAFORD. Miss Mitchell, Claremont House, Claremont Road. Facing south and sea. Central heating, gas fires and h. and c. water in bedrooms. Vegetarian.

BRIGHTON (Saltdean). Comfortably furnished brick bungalow from 18*s.* 6*d.* Particulars: 25 Church Crescent, London, N.20. Enterprise 2628.

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TORQUAY, SEASCAPE HOTEL. For happy, healthful holidays. For peaceful, warm Winter residence. The Seascape Hotel has twenty years' tradition of hospitality, comfort and the good English fare. Here you can make your home or take your holiday in the certainty that things will be as you like them, that your comfort is always of most urgent consideration. Terms are most moderate at all times of the year; and the high standard of comfort in the hotel makes this easily THE FINEST VALUE IN TORQUAY.

EDINBURGH, 4 Rothesay Place. Central. Good beds. Personal supervision. McGregor. 'Phone: 23601.

BOURNEMOUTH. Guests received in lady's well-appointed house. Good cooking; h. and c. all bedrooms; 100 yards from sea. MacGregor, 36 Pinecliffe Avenue, W. Southbourne, Bournemouth. Telephone: Southbourne 1801.

SUSSEX (facing South Downs); ideal winter residence; every comfort; home produce; excellent cooking; highly recommended. Moderate terms. Xmas vacancy, two sharing. "The Chase," Albourne. Telephone: Hurstpierpoint 2165.

CHRISTMAS in the New Forest. A few visitors are still needed to complete our usual jolly Christmas party at The Guest House, Godshill, Fordingbridge, Hants. Telephone: Fordingbridge 2168.

SUSSEX COAST. Delightful little house to let furnished, every comfort; garage. Jan. March, low rental. 42 Sellons Avenue, London, N.W.10.

WINTER SPORTS TOUR TO CHAMONIX. Leaving London 31st Dec., 9 days £6 19*s.* 6*d.* 16 days £8 19*s.* 6*d.* Write for details to Prospect Tours, Ltd., 115 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.

XMAS IN PARIS. International festival tour. Leaving London 23rd Dec., back in London 27th Dec., £4 17*s.* 6*d.* Write for this very attractive complete programme. Prospect Tours, Ltd., 115 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.

PRIVATE Ski-ing Party at Christmas to Pralognan (Haute Savoie), France's best winter sports district. 10 days, 12 *gns.*, all included. Magnificent scenery, excellent hotel, unspoiled atmosphere. Beginners and experts. Box 3424.

MENTON GARAVAN, Hotel Marina, centre bay. Highly recommended. Pension from 42 *fcs.* Facing South, from 45. Excellent cuisine. Comfort moderne.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

THE PEARL OF THE RIVIERA

Menton, Alpes Maritimes. For hotel accommodation and travelling facilities write Box 3367.

CHRISTMAS SKI-ING at SEDRUN, Grisons Switzerland. Join young, pleasant party, beginners and experienced skiers, unspoilt village, virgin snow. Moderate inclusive cost. Leaves Dec. 23rd and Dec. 26th. Box. 3374.

RIVIERA. HOTEL DE LA MER, Cap Martin. Facing full south in own grounds direct on Sea. Buses to Menton and Monte Carlo. Pension 7*s.* inclusive.

PERSONAL

AUSTRIAN refugee, of good family, anxious to remove parents from Vienna immediately, seeks *au pair* hospitality for them until he can make a home. Housework; good cooking. Friedmann, 26 Willow Road, N.W.3.

WOULD someone guarantee for a limited period for Jewish couple isolated in industrial village, Germany? Property wrecked. Son in England with permit to work in South America in two months' time. Urgent. Apply Horne, 5 Guilford Street, W.C.1.

PSYCHOLOGIST seeks another join him in starting clinic. Write only, giving full particulars, to Y. O. U., Parliament Mansions, Orchard Street, S.W.1.

GOOD HOME WANTED for Austrian Jewish boy of good family; will be 12 on Christmas Day. All particulars available. Raeburn, 11 Woodchurch Road, N.W.6.

JOURNALIST (28) requires starchless week-end accommodation; seaside, country, river. Box 3395.

WILL anyone finance Left-wing journalist wishing buy and develop old-established but neglected weekly newspaper in Scotland? About £1,500 needed. Business taught if required. Exceptional opportunity. Box 3385.

JEWISH boy (12), intelligent, healthy. Now alone in Germany. Wili anyone take him (or help) 1–2 years? Box 3418.

BABY (girl), under one month, wanted for adoption. Good physical and mental heredity essential. Write Dr. Dobbs, 135 Harley Street, W.1.

WOULD Russian give conversation to German woman in exchange for German lessons. Box 3428.

PRIVATE Ski-ing Party to France, Christmas. See "Holiday Suggestions."

JOURNALISM. Well-known Editor holds weekly class. Every opportunity for publishing suitable articles. Information from Pickfords Educational Service, 206 High Holborn, W.C.1. Holborn: 7091.

VOLUNTEER HELPERS welcomed. Personal or typing services. St. Francis Hospital, Red Lion Square.

GERMAN for Beginners, Readers of Poetry, Scientists. Write Dr. Walde, 167 Gloucester Terrace, W.2.

FOREST and Sea. Writer, artist or professional, wanted to share quiet, well-appointed house. Own study if required. Nisbet, "Sherwood," Barton-on-Sea, Hants.

SEE "Holiday Suggestions" this page for particulars of Christmas Ski-ing Party at Sedrun.

JIG-SAW Puzzle Library. Borrow puzzles from Wm. Douglas, 237 Baker Street. Welbeck 4982.

HOW TO ENJOY SMOKING. Fill your pipe with "TOM LONG" Tobacco; it only costs 9*d.* per ounce.

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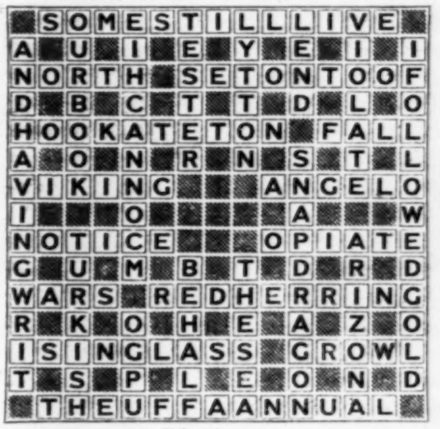
Rates and all information on page 898

Solution of the

Peter Davies CHRISTMAS CROSS WORD

Published in the N. S. & N., 12th Nov.



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■	T	H	E	U	F	F	A	A	N	N	U	A	L	■

Prizewinner:
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PERSONAL—continued

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

RAILWAYS—BRISTOL AEROPLANE—TRANSPORT "C"

THE City has become a pretty dreary place. With dullness prevailing in Wall Street and with the weakness of sterling upsetting the gilt-edged market, Stock Exchange business has sunk to a low ebb. There was a temporary flutter in copper shares when it was announced that restriction was to be re-imposed with 110 per cent. of basic quotas as from January, 1939. The only outstanding movement of the week was the speculative revival in home railway stocks. The deputation of the railway managers to the Minister of Transport urging legislation to abolish all restrictions upon the quotation of railway rates or goods traffic raised hopes that at last something would be done to put the railways on a competitive basis. The falls which have occurred in home railway stocks this year have been disastrous for not a few investors. Here are some of the worst examples :—

	1938 High	Present Price	% Fall
L.M.S. 1923 Preference	70¼	26½	62.3
L.M.S. Ordinary	30⅛	12⅜	58.9
L.N.E. 1st Preference	68¼	24½	64.1
Gt. Western Ordinary	65¼	26½	59.4
Southern Pfd. Ordinary	87	58	33.3

The claim of the railway managements is strongly supported in the City, for unless the companies can compete with road transport on an equal basis, bankruptcy lies ahead for the goods carriers.

* * *

The Philip Hill issue of the week was £3½ millions of Hawker Siddeley Aircraft 4 per cent. debenture stock, 1946, at 99. It is assured, I gather, of a premium of ½ per cent. to 1 per cent. It will be observed that Hawker Siddeley are borrowing short, which is a wise proceeding seeing that by 1946 we should have had an international "appeasement" with or without a war. Bristol Aeroplane, however, is borrowing long in the shape of new equity money. Perhaps Bristol is in a different class, being the best long-term investment in the industry, but some investors will question the wisdom of assuming that a semi-nationalised aircraft company will be allowed indefinitely to earn profits without limit. Should not all aircraft companies working under Government orders be limited to a remuneration of cost plus 10 per cent. ? The directors of Bristol Aeroplane seem to be sensitive to this criticism, for they are giving a free bonus of three new shares for every four held, so that the 25 per cent. dividend may be reduced. They are further issuing new capital at the rate of one new share at 10*s.* for each original one held. In the market Bristol Aeroplane 10*s.* shares rose to 58*s.* 9*d.* on this announcement, but at the time of writing are 56*s.* 6*d.*, and even at this price look rather high. Of the £1,200,000 new money raised, £960,000 will be required to pay off bank overdrafts. Assuming that this money has been costing the company about 4 per cent. this will result in a saving of £38,400. The remaining £240,000 new money may earn 10 per cent., which means that on the new capital only £62,400 or 5¼ per cent. is likely to be earned. The directors have stated that the Company's business has been fully maintained during the current year and that it should therefore be possible to distribute at least the same amount of money by way of dividend on the ordinary shares as was distributed last year. On this assumption the dividend for 1938 should be around 11 per cent. The yield on this estimated dividend is only £4 10*s.* per cent., taking a price of 24*s.* 4½*d.* "ex all."

* * *

So, after all, the London Transport Board has decided not to defy the "C" stockholders and court the risk of their applying for a receivership. Fares are to be increased sufficiently, it is hoped, to augment net revenue by at least the £385,000 a year required to bring up the "C" dividend from its present 4 per cent. to the 5½ per cent. laid down as "standard" by the Act of 1933. If it be true that the Board is taking this step reluctantly, and regards increased charges as more likely to forfeit public good will than to stimulate traffic receipts, it is clear that Nemesis has descended on the authors of the ill-considered 1933 Act. The "C" stock, which is essentially an equity, should never have been given the right (accorded normally to debenture holders only) to apply for a receivership if the "standard" dividend is not paid at least once in three successive years. The "C" stockholders have been receiving 4 per cent. Whether this is, or is not, a "reasonable" return for the equity stock of a highly capitalised and highly geared concern is a question which Solomon might have answered. I cannot. The point is, in my submission, that an undertaking which has a monopoly transport franchise in London should be a pure public utility whose charges should be regulated by an appointed authority and whose capital should be raised in the form of gilt-edged bonds guaranteed by the State. The case for recapitalising the L.P.T.B. on these lines was ably argued by Mr. Ernest Davies in an article in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of November 5th. The essence of his argument was, of course, that "gilding" the stocks should have, as its logical consequence, the reduction of interest rates to the level obtainable on Government bonds. But now, I observe, the suggestion is made by the City Editor of the *Daily Telegraph* that, if the London public objects to higher fares, the "C" stockholders must be given a Government-guaranteed rate of 4 per cent.—*i.e.*, the present distribution. Since 4 per cent. Consols can now be sold for 107½, or thereabouts, whereas Transport "C" is quoted at about 78, the proposal would doubtless commend itself to the stockholders, who would be presented with an immediate 40 per cent. appreciation in their security. In the twilight of capitalism, in which Parliament first half-nationalises an undertaking and then is asked to repurchase rights it should never have granted, there shall still be jam for tea !

* * *

The Share-pushing Bill was given its second reading on Monday without a division ; but it was not wholly unscathed by criticism of its weaknesses and loopholes. Apart from the watering down of the definition of fraud in Clause 10, to which I referred last week, no convincing reason was given for the absence from the Bill of any provision requiring "outside" dealers in stocks and shares to make a substantial cash deposit with the Registrar as surety. Even the Bodkin Committee, whose recommendations were far from drastic, recommended a £500 deposit ; and five times that sum would not be excessive. The Government spokesman explained that to require even a £500 deposit "would make it impossible for the small man to carry on his business." Are men so "small" really suitable people to receive the imprimatur of a Government licence to deal with the public in the purchase and sale of securities ?

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

The CREIGHTON LECTURE, entitled "Charles Lewis, Elector Palatine, 1617–1680," will be given by DR. J. H. CLAPHAM, C.B.E., F.B.A. (Vice-Provost of King's College, and Emeritus Professor of Economic History in the University of Cambridge) at THE UNIVERSITY: THE SENATE HOUSE (entrance from Russell Square or Malet Street, W.C.1) on TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 29th, at 5.30 p.m. The Chair will be taken by Professor R. H. Tawney, Litt.D., B.A. (Professor of Economic History in the University).

A Course of Two Lectures on "Chaucer," prepared by the late PROF. E. V. GORDON, M.A., will be read by Dr. A. H. Smith (Reader in the University) at UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON (Gower Street, W.C.1.) on DECEMBER 8th and 13th, at 5.30 p.m. At the first lecture the Chair will be taken by Prof. R. W. Chambers, D.Lit., F.B.A.

ADMISSION FREE, WITHOUT TICKET.

S. J. Worsley,
Academic Registrar.

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queensway, Bayswater, W.2. Sunday, November 27th, at 11 a.m., MR. BLACKHAM: "What is Justice?" 6.30 p.m., DR. COIT: "Why 'Freethought' is Offensive to the British Public."

SOUTH PLACE ETHICAL SOCIETY, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn. Sunday, November 27th, at 11 a.m., W. B. CURRY, M.A., B.Sc.: "Bertrand Russell on 'Power.'" 6.30 p.m., Concert Chamber Music. Admission free. Visitors welcome.

F.P.S.I. HERBERT READ on "The Life and Death of Art," Wednesday, November 30th, at 8 p.m., at the large Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1. Tickets: Members, 6*d.*; non-Members, 1*s.* From Hon. Secretary, F.P.S.I., 4 Fitzroy Street, W.1.

SEX EDUCATION CENTRE, 13 Eccleston Street, S.W.1. Lectures arranged: Biology in Home and School; Ten Years in a Sex Education Centre; Preparation for Marriage. Fees on application.

SYMPOSIUM of OLD and YOUNG.

Tuesday, November 29th, 7 p.m.
CONWAY HALL, RED LION SQUARE,
On "Youth and Age: Are They in Conflict."
By 3 old and 3 young speakers.
Chairman: Mr. H. L. Beales, M.A.

WOMEN'S PEACE CRUSADE CONFERENCE, Thursday, December 1st, at 4.15 p.m. and 8 p.m., London School of Economics, Aldwych. Lord Cecil on The Present Situation. Experts on Czechoslovakia, Spain and German Jewry. Tickets 2*s.* (single session, 1*s.*) obtainable W.P.C., 55 Gower Street, W.C.1.

HAMPSTEAD Communist Party. Grand Concert Meeting, Town Hall, Tuesday, November 29th, 8 p.m. Ivor Montague, Clive Branson, B.B.C. Artists.

THE SEX EDUCATION SOCIETY
DR. WILHELM STEKEL, of Vienna,
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Chairman: Dr. Norman Haire.
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